



# POEMS.

BY

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*Robert Gomersall.*

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L O N D O N

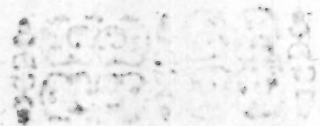
Printed by M. F. for John Marriot.

MDCXXXIII.

POEMS

BY

Robert Browning



LONDON

Printed by M. F. for John W. Parker  
No. 22, Abchurch Lane.





# The Booke-seller, to the READER.

**T**O praise the worke, were to set my selfe to sale, since the greater its worth is, the more is my benefit, & not the Authors: He good man may have an Ayery, but I a reall profit. An Ayery one, I terme it, for I judge others by my selfe, who cannot feed by praises. But thus much I must needs say of it, that if ever it were worthy the reading, now the worth of it is multiplied, the whole being perused by the Author, and some, not deformed peices added, which as they mend the bulke, so they take nothing from the Dignity of the Poem. But for this I put my selfe upon my Countrey. Thus farre the Authour thought it not unfit, to please thee and his youth: from hence forward, you must expect  
A 3 nothing

## TO the READER.

nothing from him, but what shall relish of a bearded and austere Devotion. And this, I trust will be no small incitement to thy approbation of the worke since it is the last: All men we know, delight in Benjamin. One thing I must not forget to acquaint thee with; Some men, (that would be wise without booke,) have excepted against a passage in Sforza, concerning Galeazzo's revealing his wives counsells to his enemy, as a thing beyond Probability, or Poetry: but it shewes that they are short of History, for let them read almost the first leafe of Guicciardin, or the eighth book of Comminés, they shall there find what they carpe at here, and that this fond opennesse, was Galeazzo's, and not the Authors weaknesse: I would say somewhat of the Levite too, but it needs not, seeing the Authours blasphemy is turned into the Calumny of the ignorant Detractor. But I beginne to talke rather like a Maker, then a seller of Bookes: I have nothing now more to adde, but this, love the Authour, and me for bringing you acquainted.

Thine Iohn Marrior.



I  
An Elegy upon the death of  
M<sup>RS</sup> ANNE KING.

I Dare not say that Death in heav'n hath powre,  
Or that we have a second fatall howre :  
'Tis impious to beleieve that soules doe range,  
Or that they can affect that foolish change  
Of happinesse, for Earth, (as if they thought  
Gadding to be felicity, or sought,  
A moderation of their joyes) that heav'n,  
The roomes being empty which she first had giv'n,  
Strives to make good afresh, that this should be  
The cause, deare Ghost, why we are robb'd, of thee.

Yet pardon Heav'n, if I am bold to dare  
A question : you doe know how few they are  
That sucke your Ayre and goodnesse, how the earth  
Lookes like the error of a monstrous birth,  
With scarce one perfect member, and will you  
Robbe us of our one peice, and make the few  
No number ? Pardon then if for this wrong  
We leave your precepts, to live ill, and long.  
Be we once good, we shall not be at all;  
Vertue does onely hast a funerall.  
If that a mortall may but give advice,  
Teach not the world sinne by your Avarice ;  
Spare us a while that little which we have,  
Let vertue finde somewhat besides a Grave;

You first command us to be good, and then  
 You take away the goodnesse with the men,  
 Will not the bad say, Iustice here is scant,  
 To take our store, and punish us for want?

But you are just, and wise, nor will acquaint  
 Man with your reasons: Why an *Embryon* Saint  
 Suddenly droppes into the Earth, which he,  
 Had he liv'd long, would but have liv'd to see,  
 And not affect, does pose all earth, and so  
 Now we may weepe, because we cannot know:  
 Now I but weep, that we have lost the wife  
 That *Overbury* would have fain'd, my strife  
 About your Iustice I disclaime; for I  
 Know it is just that what was borne must dye.

Yet without touch at your prerogative,  
 I may summe up my losse, and dare to grieve  
 With a full sorrow, I may say there dy'd  
 One that was Heav'n's, as well as *Henries* bride;  
 One that was match'd unto the Church, that she  
 Might learne a Marriage with the Deity.  
 Sure there were Velvet-cloakes that woo'd, & those  
 That could weare Scarlet for a need, and close  
 Which Ladies out of play bookes, that could earne  
 A Mistris with a congy, and could learne  
 How many sighes must carry her, which she  
 By her wise choyce, left them to multiply.

And would they onely griev'd, would I could raise  
 Their teares a fresh, by adding to her dayes  
 More yeares with *Henry*, that their envy might  
 Cause them to burst, and dye for her in spight,  
 Such funeralls were fit: but since that Heav'n  
 Has harshly snatch'd what it had kindly giv'n;  
 And thou must be the Sacrifice, and he  
 Must have thy sorrow that erewhile had thee,

He spare my teares which must of force cause his :  
 'Tis rudenesse when we cannot restore blisse  
 To adde more to unhappinesse (then thou  
 Sometime the happy choice of her, and now  
 The sad survivor) pardon if my ltrise  
 To grieve enough, give thee a griefe, not wise,  
 If that my sighes could her to life repreeve,  
 I would create aswell as now I grieve,

In obitum Serenissimi Regis Jacobi.

*S*perbe teneas consciam vermis gulam;  
 Agnosce tandem regias satur dapes,  
 Quae cultui sacrantur, & non esui :  
 Iacobus hic est, abstine, Iacobus est,  
 Qui cum relictas senserit partus moras  
 Vagivrit infans Caesar, ut faceret fidem,  
 Quod non Maria natus, at Monarchia,  
 Foret estimandus, crederes genitum Deum,  
 Simulac Monarcham, quisque certe liberum  
 Putare mortis potuit humana iugo  
 Aequae ac remota vulgo erat nativitas.  
 At hic fidelis vermibus, praestat dapes  
 Non vendicatas, obstupent : ali cibo  
 Fari belluonas, parciusque urgent famem :  
 Ipso eibantur tutius miraculo.

Eheu verendum sentio mastus caput  
 Iam iam minatum : siste, quisquis impium  
 Audere morsum fortis, agnoscas caput  
 Quo vel sepulchri doctius moles tumet  
 Minusque hebescit terra, Iacobum tegens



*Sapit ille pulvis, qui suo gaudens hero  
 Tumulum negat sibi & asserit palatium,  
 Semesa facies regis, & lacera gena  
 (Discriminanda jam fere vix vermibus  
 Antiquiori a pabulo) quod non suo  
 Horror adaptant corpus? ut tandem miser  
 Sit quod queratur: qui dolet levius, stupet.  
 Mala non fatetur nisi suis addat malis  
 Et causa fiat luctus, & lugens simul.*

*Alind.*

*Vnde nova hac macies? qua quadragesima vera est  
 Cum carnibus Regem negans?  
 Num superi efficerent magis ut jeiunia constent?  
 Luctumque penitentiam?*

*To the Deane, from Flower in Northampton  
 shire 1625. now the worthy Bishop of Norwich.*

**S**Till to be silent, or to write in Prose  
 Were a like sloath, such as I leave to those,  
 Who either want the grace of wit, or have  
 Vntoward arguments: like him that gave  
 Life to the flea, or who without a guest  
 Would prove that famine was the onely feast:  
 Selfe tyrants, who their braines doubly torment  
 Both for their matter, and their ornament.  
 If these doe stutler sometimes, and confesse  
 That they are tyr'd, wee could expect no lesse.  
 But when my matter is prepar'd and fit,  
 When nothing's wanting but an equall wit,  
 I need no Muses help to ayde me on,  
 Since that my subject is my Helicon,  
 And such are you: o give me leave, deare Sir  
 (He that is thankfull, is no flatterer)

To



To speake full truth : where ever I finde worth  
I shew I have it, if I set it forth :

You reade your selfe in these, here you may see  
A ruder draught of *Corbets* infancy,

For I professe if ever I had thought  
Needed not blush if publish'd, were there ought  
Which was call'd mine, durst beare a Criticks view,  
I was the instrument, but the Author you.

I need not tell you of our health, which here  
Must be presum'd, nor yet shall our good cheare  
Swell up my paper, as it hath done me,  
Or as the May's feast does *Stowes* History,  
Without an early bell to make us rise,  
Health calls us up, and Novelty; our eyes  
Have divers objects still on the same ground,  
As if the earth had each night walk'd her round  
To bring her best things hither : tis a place  
Not more the Pride of Shires then the Disgrace,  
Which I de not leave had I my *Deane* to boot,  
For the large offers of the cloven-foot  
Vnto our Saviour, but you being not here,  
Tis to me though a rare one but a Shire,  
A place of good earth, if compar'd with worse,  
Which hath a lesser part in *Adams* curse,  
Or for to draw a simily from the Hig'st  
Tis like unto Salvation without Christ,  
A fairely situate Prison : When againe,  
Shall I injoy that frendship, and that braine :  
When shall I once more heare in a few words  
What all the learning of past-times affords,  
*Austine* epitomiz'd, and him that can  
To make him cleare contract *Tertullian*,

But I detaine you from them : Sir adieu  
You reade their workes, but let me study you.

To Mr. Holiday Archdeacon of Oxon:  
from Flower 1625.

NOW that you dare receive a messenger,  
Now that the tyr'd-out plague begins to weare  
It selfe away, not people : when the street  
Begins a new acquaintance with the feet  
Of lowd coach-horses and the bells high call  
Is for Devotion more then Buriall,  
Now you dare read, accept what I here send  
A poore remembrance of an healthy friend.

Trust me (deare Sir) I linger, and the day  
Though by the method of the yeare hee may  
Truly be said to shorten, and to slight  
Former conceits, make Britaines know a night  
Long, unto tediousnesse, yet to me  
Seemes like *Alcides* night lengthen'd to three,  
Whilst I want you : Yet doe not misconceive  
The earnest of your friend, as if to lea ve  
My former company I were so faine;  
I would have them, and you : if I complaine  
Hotly of times delay, expound that fire  
Not to have flames of anger, but desire.

To see the poverty of man ! he still  
Receives but curtall'd happinesse, his skill  
Makes him not capable of a full store,  
But if he have some, he must want the more.

How could I prize my selfe lesse then a marke  
For an high envy, when (as in the arke  
Onely poore eight were rescu'd from the waves,  
And that which drowns the world, their vessel saves,  
The depth of the devourer) not uneven  
In Fortune, though in Number, not past seven,

Our

Our preseryation lasts unto this hower  
From the fierce plague in the dry arke of *Flower*;  
When that I had the daily happinesse  
Of conversation with my *Deane*, when lesse  
Then Heaven I could not thinke on, when I saw  
A face, that might heav'n to affection draw,  
When I enjoy'd beauty, and wit, to trye  
Which could be more delighted eare, or eye,  
Yet I was not delighted, nor that oughr  
Was wanting, which I do covet to be bought,  
Nor what was bought was envi'd me; tis true,  
Yet I had a neer want, the want of you.

But had I wanted them had I liv'd still  
With my deare *Holiday*, had there to my will  
Beene an agreeing lucke, I can conceiue  
Happly I might have wish'd those, whom I leave.

Nor is this accusation : fancy not  
That I am changeable : if in the hot  
Rage of the dogge, I goe but thinly clad,  
And in the winters other rage am glad  
To beare a fire too in my cloathes, theres none  
Will call this Lightnesse, but Discretion.  
Nor is it Fond, which I professe my suite,  
To wish the good of which I'm destitute,  
He cannot be accus'd like to the weather,  
Who'd have by parts, what he must want together.

You are that part now ; whom if I enjoy,  
No thwarting chance shall possibly destroy  
My blisse : the other want strikes not my soule,

He sweare this halfe does comprehend the whole.

*Vpon the death of his worthy friend Mr. Iohn  
Deane of New-Colledge.*

Nature, will it ever be  
That we must complaine of thee?  
Shall then all our search ne'r finde  
Age at least to worth assign'd?  
Must this constant truth be knowne  
Vertue dead as soone as Growne?

Happy Deane then, who may'st call  
Thirty, Climactericall,  
And in spite of Envies sport  
Prove thy good life by thy short,

Thus when others that doe dye  
Old or in their Infancy,  
Must (if our Divines say true)  
Be transform'd and shap'd a new,  
That at length they may appeare  
Much about our Saviours yeare  
(For in Heav'n there never shall  
Enter either Old or Small  
Since that these can ne'r agree  
Weakenesse and Eternity,)

Thou, deare shadow, needst not have  
Any wonder in the grave,  
Done for thee, nor thinke upon  
Future augmentation  
Reader, he that herein lies  
Dy'd as old as he shall rise.

*To his Detractors.*

**D**Eane, (then which no other name  
Is of better, of more Fame)  
Sleepe in quiet : if there be  
Tongues of that Malignity,  
That will dare to wound thy grave  
And not suffer thee to have  
Slumber here, Ile say no more;  
May they when they have plai'd ore  
All their scenes of life, but know  
The same Rigor, that they shew  
That 'tis not generous, nor scarcely safe  
To make a Libell, for an Epitaph.

*A Song for the Musicke lecture.*

**S**Trike againe, o no, no more  
I implore,  
Such another touch would be  
My destiny.  
What bewitching soundes are these  
Which so please;  
As that we beginne to feare  
What we heare :  
Sound yet lowder, raise a Tone  
Which to owne,  
The celestiall Quire would be  
Suiors't' yee,  
Sound yet lowder, that if Fate  
Make this date  
To my yeares, I yet may dye  
Speedily,

And



*And that this Ditty sweetly strong  
May be my Death and Fun'rall song.*

*An Elegie upon the Noble Merchant*

M<sup>r</sup>. FISHBORNE.

DOe they walke *London* still, and can we meet  
With any now but mourners in the street?  
Such a stupidity exceeds beleefe,  
To have so great a cause, so small a grieve:  
The kinder Marble weeps against a shower,  
And can these more then Marble-hearts not poure  
One teare for *Fishborne*? shall that VVorthy lie,  
Like vulgar trophies of mortality,  
Vnwep't, and unremembred? or at best  
Have common showers, such as become the rest,  
Vassalls of death? who never thinking why  
They were plac'd her, doe onely live, and die,  
Who by no worthy act ayding their Name,  
Perish at once in person and in Fame.  
Where are our Cataracts? where is the eye  
That strives for sorrowfull precedence?  
That Poet now shall be accounted chiefe  
Whose wit is not the highest, but whose grieve:  
And he is most officious to this hearse,  
Who flowes more in his eye, then in his verse.  
*Fishborne* is dead, alas that *Fishborne* can  
Onely in goodnesse be above a man  
And not in lasting! that such men should have  
For all their worth, but a more noted grave,  
A sigh in earnest! Piety we see  
Will not afford us an *Eternity*,  
And hence we may collect the reason why  
So few are studious of Piety,



So few are like to him : whom shall we see  
His holy rivall in Virginity ?  
Whom shall we finde, that in an active life  
Like his, injoy'd the meanes, without the wife ?  
Nay I may aske how few there are that shunne  
Like him, the sinne in the occasion ?  
How few there are that looser thoughts desie !  
And onely in good deeds doe multiply.  
Him no deformity, no want of Fire,  
Of lively blood did tame in the desire  
Forc't to cold goodnesse, but his minde, as free  
From the tyrannicall necessity,  
As from the vice; he therefore liy'd not well  
Because he did not know the way to Hell,  
Chast out of weaknesse, no, he might have beene  
A strong delinquent, powerfull in sinne,  
He might have made, had he but heard his sense,  
His lust as famous as his continence,  
As was his friendship : which none can expresse  
So full, but that the prayse will be the lesse.  
How like unto a fable we esteeme,  
What heretofore did most Heroicke seeme,  
The Græcian frendships, when that we doe crowne  
Our happy thoughts with *Fishborne* and his *Browne* ?  
His belov'd *Browne*, with whom he joyn'd in all  
Which Avarice would it's particular call,  
Cares, pleasures, hopes, and feares, nay they goe on  
Heavenly in a combin'd devotion,  
That they appeare, when ever we would scanne  
Which were the kinder or the better man,  
Equall in all, their charity the same,  
Their continency too, all but the Name,  
So ready unto good, to bad so loth,  
They one another, love, but Heav'n loves both.

O what an heate ! what constancy was there !  
 How did their love teach them how to persevere  
 In holy duties ! as if they had ment  
 By such an exquisite astonishment  
 To shew there was no difference in effect  
 Betweene the Friendly man and the Elect;  
 How were they ne're asunder but to meet !  
 How all their parting was to make more sweet  
 Their next embraces ! nothing had the power,  
 Deare Shade, to make thee feare thy latest how'r  
 But a divorce from him, from his lov'd sight,  
 That thou shouldst thy *Browne* too with the light.  
 Add yet it was a kinde of friendship too  
 That thou so rare a courtesie wouldst doe,  
 To lead the way to death, in which alone  
 Thou couldst not with him thy companion.

But is he dead ? and does that harsher bell  
 Toll with such horreur noble *Fishbornes* knell,  
 Sure here's no funerall, or if there be,  
 It is a Funerall of Poverty.  
 Where are the preparations, the rich dresse  
 Of Death, the gawdy tyre of Rottenesse ?  
 Where are the Hearlds ? those great gods of earth,  
 Who can bestow on man a second birth ?  
 And make him stand upon his honour now,  
 Who yesterday did leane upon the Plow ?  
 Those grand *Logicians*, who exactly just  
 Can shew the punctuall difference of each dust,  
 And satisfie the most ambitious Dame  
 Discreetly, from what noble worme she came ?  
 No, none of these does he vouchsafe to hire,  
 Who onely make a well-clad Gull admire  
 At his full vanity, which fill our minde  
 With pride, I feare, farre higher then our kinde,  
 Then

Then our progenitors ere knew: but he  
 Chooseth the Heralds of that Majesty,  
 Who swaies the world, those men who heav' nly wise  
 Instruct us to be low in our owne eyes;  
 Who shew us that the way to the most High  
 Is by dejection and humility,  
 Which blazon to us our Originall,  
 The lowly earth, and then our baser fall  
 Beneath that lownesse, unto these he payes  
 A tribute after he hath spent his dayes :  
 When natures due was pai'd, his wealth is theirs,  
 Whose life did call the fathers, whose death, heyres.  
 By his wise zeale the Churches the Priests are,  
 And they have now the meanes, who had the care :  
 Nor doe they longer finde, to breed despaires,  
 The tythe another's, when the Pulpit's theirs.  
 I have no Art of wonder, nor no skill  
 To make an action greater by my quill,  
 Yet thus much truly can say without the ayde  
 Of figure, Twas an act fit for a maid,  
 For him, who leads us in the way he trod,  
 Bringing himsele, then others unto God;  
 That if the world have such another birth,  
 Our Saviour comming, may finde faith on earth.  
 It would be injury after this to call  
 Him the true Surgion of the Hospitall,  
 Which he hath so releiv'd, that there are found  
 Some, who are sorry that they want a wound,  
 That they have no defect in any limme,  
 Which they should venture to be cur'd by him.  
 Thus when the greater sort after much care,  
 Much watchfulnesse, much cos'nage too, who dare,

So they may raise their states, ransacke the Seas  
 And after all their toyle cannot appease,  
 Their endlesse thirst of gaine, although they mine  
 So deepe in earth, Hell hath some hope to shine,  
 And all this onely but to change a sinne,  
 That what in covetousnesse did beginne  
 Might end in riot, that to mocke their paines (gaines:  
 Their spending might be worse then were their  
 Thou gatherst with much conscience, and then  
 With greater goodnesse do'st disperse agen,  
 That this praise to thy memory may be giv'n  
 Here lies the merchant which hath purchas'd heav'n.

---

*Vpon a vertuous Magistrate.*

Sleepe lov'd loule, and let those eyes  
 Which to rest were enemies  
 Be atton'd at last, and lye  
 Quiet to *A*ternity,  
 Lie they quiet, but let ours  
 Earnestly distill salt showers,  
 And though they doe see the lesse  
 Make a mourning businesse:  
 'Twere an act too neere to hate  
 Him in rest to imitate?  
 Howle ye Poore, now he is gone  
 Who shall stop oppression?  
 Who shall make the wary Law  
 Speake uprightly, and not draw

Specious

Specious colours, to indeare  
 What were foule if it were cleare ?  
 Now ther's none your cause indures,  
 Not because 'tis naught, but yours,  
 Who will make the rich to see  
 That unto an injury  
 They are poore themselves ? and find  
 All their sinnes within their mind.  
 For his wisedome did provide  
 That they should hurt none beside.  
 But now all the world may doe  
 What they are addicted to :  
 Lye, dissemble, cogge, and cheate,  
 Make the easie poore their meate,  
 And when they have rag'd thus  
 Still be counted vertuous,  
 Have the name, which he deserv'd  
 And be prais'd though they have swerv'd.

This in publike. But his life  
 Did maintaine a glorious strife  
 VVhich should be commended most,  
 VVhether we might trulier boast  
 Close, or open acts : If we  
 Looke on that, which we can see,  
 That is thought the best, but then  
 VVhat we heare excells agen;  
 So that which to trust we feare,  
 If our eye, or else our eare,  
 And there is no meane debate  
 Twixt the Man, and Magistrate.

But I interrupt the rest,  
 Thou, who now amongst the blest

Lookst on thy Creators face,  
Countst our praise a kind disgrace;  
And dost feare those acts were bad,  
VVhich no better praisers had.

Sleepe then still, and let those eyes,  
VVhich to rest were enemies,  
Be atton'd at last, and lye  
Seal'd up to *Eternity*,



## THE EXPLANATION of the Frontispice.

**I***T was when Industry did sleepe  
The Wolfe was Tutor to the Sheepe,  
And to amaze a plainer man,  
The thiefe was made the guardian.  
But can a Wolfe forget to prey?  
Can Night be lightened into Day?  
Without respect of lawes or blood,  
His charge he makes to be his food.  
With that triumphant he sits downe,  
Opprest, not honour'd with a Crowne,  
And on the lesser beasts does try  
A most Authentick Tyranny:  
This the French Lyon beares, and when  
He's thought fast sleeping in his denne,  
Vengeance and He at once doe wake,  
And on the Wolfe their fury slake.  
Bad acts may bloome sometimes, but n'er grow high,  
Nor doe they live so sure, as they shall dye.*







London Printed for John Marriott. W.D. Th. Cecil. sculp.

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF  
LODOVICK  
SFORZA  
DVKE  
OF  
MILLAN.

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By Robert Gomersall.

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*The second Edition.*

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Printed at L O N D O N in the yeare  
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TO  
HIS MOST VVOR-  
THIE FRIEND M<sup>r</sup>.  
FRANCIS HIDE  
PROCTOR OF  
OXFORD.



*Aving resolved what to print, I could not be long doubtfull unto whom: it had been an unfriendly absurdity not to have intit'led him to my second, who might not unjustly have challenged the patronage of my first Labour. But if untill this time I had had no reason for such a dedication, if the same most fruitfull Colledge had not for these many yeares knowne us of the same time and friendship, if in ali offices of life I had not still found you most inseparably one with me: yet this worke at this time could not offer it selfe to any so justly as to you. It is to your name that I owe what ever fruits of my spent time shall be preserved, it is to your name that I owe what ever fruits of my former time, being unhappily lost, may have a possibilitie of recovery. And could I dedicate any of my remaining Labours with more justice unto any, then to him, by whose friendly care, I dare almost, assure  
my*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*my selfe of them which are remaining? But some perhaps may say for this, that it had beene better if it had beene lost, or at least that these kinde of Labours are more judiciously suppressd then published. Sermons had beene fitter for my setting forth, and to preach more proper then to write. But is not this to preach? I have heard divers speake an houre, who preach not, and there are many, who effectually preach, that are more sparing of their breath. If I make the ambitious see that he climbs but to a fall, the usurper to acknowledge, that blood is but a slippery foundation of power, all men in generall to confesse that the most glorious is not the most safe place: is not this to cry downe Ambition and Usurpation? or is it lesse to shew, then to threaten? and are not men so much moved with the event it selfe, as with the commination of the event? And yet in this age, wherein onely Heresie or Sedition preferre a Boooke, wherein Contradiction is called Learning, and Zeale wonders that she is become Faction, I can expect but a few Readers, whose small number shall be no discouragement at all to me, if that your judgement shall counterpoise them, which is the onely desired crowne of*

Your true friend,

R. G.

## The Argument.

**L**Odovicke Sforza, after he had cunningly supplanted the Duchesse from the wardship of her sonne Galeazzo, as cunningly practizeth to bee the murtherer of him, of whom he would seeme to be the Protector. To this end he was to remove this impediment. Isabella daughter to the Prince of Calabria, and Grand-childe unto Ferdinand King of Naples, was wife to Galeazzo. A woman of a spirit as high as her birth, & equall to Sforza in all things but the sex: she perceiving the stupidity of her husband, & how that whatsoever she projected for his safety, he discovered to his vncle, for his overthrow, makes her father secretly acquainted with all the passages, desiring him to vindicate his sonne in law from the usurpation of his Protector. This could not bee so privately dispatched, but that Sforza had an incling of it, whether out of his owne reach he guessed it: or by his Nephewes sottishnesse he understood it. To prevent then his owne ruine, whilst hee intends his Nephewes, hee ventures on those remedies which the height of feare rather rusheth on, then chuseth, which more expresse and exchange, then remove, or avoyde a danger. He  
knew

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knew the French claime to *Naples*, to the prosecution of which hee sollicites the young King; whom either his right, or inconsideratenesse quickly armes unto the action. But before his comming, he by continuall messengers deludes the old King, and makes him beleieve that there was no purpose of his comming, and that the French journey unto *Naples*, as it was onely the childe of rumor, and had no being but from fame, so in a very short space, in the age of a wonder it would vanish and expire. Thus was *Ferdinand* perswaded from his necessary defence, till having certainly understood that all defence would be too late, the French being already very strong upon his frontires, cheated, not conquered, he dies, and leaves his sonne *Alphonso* heire of his kingdome, and his troubles. The French king being now entred in person into *Italy*, *Galcazzo* dyes of a poyson at *Pavia*, when *Sforza* has brought this worse poyson into his Country. But the French growing prodigiously victorious, and almost by the very seeing overcomming their opposites, *Sforza* begins to be apprehensive of his owne danger, and strives to rid himselfe of these incumbrances, in the which a too much providence had intangled him. A consideration without doubt necessary, but almost past the season, it being near unto an impossibility to expell him now, whom it was farre from

*The Argument.*

from any difficulty at the first not to admit. So that this second resolution did onely proclaime the folly of the first, which either in wisdom he should not have ventured on, or, in honesty not have altered. But howsoever, he enters into a new league with the *Venetians*, and gives the French after their victorious returne from *Naples* halfe an overthrow at *Taro*. And now when he thinkes himselfe confirm'd in his Dukedome, when hee as little fear'd ruine, and he deserv'd preservation; the French King dyes suddenly, to whom *Lewis*, the true Duke of *Orleans*, and titular Duke of *Millan*, succeeded: with him *Sforza* late friend, the *Venetians*, conclude a league. Thus *Sforza* being left alone, raiseth two armies under the conduct of the two *Sanseverines*, men, whom he had highly favour'd and advanced. But it is scarce seene, that a faithlesse Master should have a trusty servant, and he that hath no respect to his owne word, shall in the extremest of his necessities, finde all others promises but words. The elder revolts, and the younger, without the least shew of resistance, flies; and *Sforza* himselfe is so closely pursued, that he can scarce get away safe into *Germany*. The French abusing their late victory, the *Millanesi* with a generall consent, recall *Sforza*; who, like a melting snow, overflows all before him, and recovers most of his Duchy, with the same easinesse that he had lost



*The Argument.*

lost it. The strength of his Army consisted especially of Swizzers, whom the late overthrow of the warlike Duke of *Burgundy*, and these Italian wars, had raised to the height of admiration. But to be valiant is not to have all vertues: these were as strong in trechery, as in battle, they lead *Sforza* in the habit of a Swizzer into the French campe, through which in the same habit they had promised to conduct him. Thus having beene twice betrayd, and now a prisoner, after a ten yeares harsh confining he dyes in *France*, having liv'd in his misery, longer then in his Duchy, and leaving instruction to succeeding Princes that height should not be their ayme, but integrity; and that they would not (that I may vse the words of our Poet) tempt their starres beyond their light.

The

## The names of the Actors.

**G** *Iovanni Galeazzo* the yong Duke.  
*Lodovick Sforza* His Protector, after-  
ward Duke.

*Galeazzo* } two brothers of the house of  
*Count Caiazzo* } *Sanseverin, Sforza's favourites.*

*Lucio Malvezzo* } two of the  
*Carlo Burbiano* Count *Belgiosa* } Nobility.

*Iuliano* }  
*Picinino* } two old Courtiers.

*Vitellio* }  
*Malatesta* } Poysoners.

*Ascanio Sforza's* brother, a Cardinall.

*Trinlcio* The French Generall.

The Captaine of the Swizzers.

*Isabella Galeazzo's* wife.

*Iulia.*

*Bettrice* wife to *Sforza.*

Embassadors, Souldiers, Servants.

C

The

## The Prologue.

**C** *An horror have an auditory ? can  
Man love the spectacle of ruin'd man ?  
We fear'd we should have beenc alone, that hence,  
The Actors should have beene the Audience.  
Are you not frighted yet ? doe you not rise ?  
Can that invite, which should dismay your eyes !  
We shew neer murders, and in that degree  
Where Mariage is unlawfull, then, the free  
Progressse of crimes, by nimble Iustice met,  
Equally horrid, this we shew, but yet  
Vnlesse your Courtesie, your Iudgement sway,  
We suffer a worse torture, then we play.*

*Actus*

# Actus primi

## Scena prima.

---

*Galeazzo Duke of Miliane, Isabella  
his Wife.*

*Gal.* **VV**Hy weeps my Deare?

*Isab.* Aske why I do not weep:  
(Poore *Isabella* are thy teares deni'd thee?)

Aske why thus long such a succession  
Of sorrow clogs my bosome, and does rob  
So much of Woman from me, as complaints.  
Aske why I doe not rave, teare my haire, thus,  
Create a griefe, which Fate would spare me, then  
Cloud the sad Ayre with sighes, and at the last,  
With a bold stab take from insulting Fortune  
The miserable object of her sport:

Aske why I do not this, not, why I weepe.

*Gal.* Or stint thy teares, or mingle them with mine  
By a relation of their cause: these eyes,  
Trust me, my *Isabella*, are not dry,  
Nor has strong sorrow ere exhausted them,  
To make them banckrout of a friendly teare,  
Doe thou but prove it once a friendly tear  
And not a fond one. Why, my *Isabella*,  
Why dost thou hasten those that come too fast,

*The Tragedy of Sforza.*

Sorrow, and Age ? If it be true, I heard  
 Of *Sforza*, my deare *Sforza*, ther's no joy  
 But either past, or fleeting, and poore man  
 Growes up but to the experience of Griefe,  
 And then is truly past minority  
 When he is past all happinesse :

*Isab.* My Lord,  
 My sorrow dares not argue with your love,  
 This smile expels it.

*Gal.* Be it banisht farre,  
 Eternally, or to the yeares of Age.  
 I, these unclouded lookes become my deare,  
 And give me joy too. I must hunt to day  
 With my deare vncle : O he is a man  
 That alters all those fond relations,  
 Which Nature gives, who in an vncles name  
 Outloves a Father : I could praise him still,  
 But that I stay too long from him: farewell. *Exit.*

*Isab.* O *Galeazzo* ! O not *Galeazzo* ! (thee!  
 How has Man fled thee ! how thy soule has fled  
 Only thy lineaments bely a Man.  
 Thou huntst alas poore Prince, thou art the Game:  
 Thy vncle hunts : and yet he does not neither,  
 But stands a glad, and idle looker on,  
 Whilst thou insnar'st thy selfe, sinfully fool'd,  
 Flattering thy Executioner, and so  
 Dost nor prevent thy misery, nor yet know.

*Enter Galeaz.*

*Gal.* I am return'd once more, before I'm gone,  
 To see if thy fond griefe be not return'd;  
 What joy is there in a forbidden griefe ?  
 What comfort in the eyes sad flux ? once more  
 Is it my fault gives you these teares ?

*Isab.* My faults;  
 For

For which so strange a sadnesse seizes me,  
That it increaseth when I strive with it,  
And makes my face rebellious to my Lord,  
When my heart yeelds

*Gal.* Then once againe, adieu,  
Forlake your griefe, or griefe will forlake you. *Ex.*

*Isab.* Forlake my griefe— O bid me forlake heav'n,  
My reason, and mine honor : onely sighes  
Doe keepe me in opinion of Beeing,  
And without them I were a stupid coarſe.  
Shall I obey impossibilities ?

Forlake the sorrow, and retaine the cause ?  
How can I thinke that yet the untyr'd Sunne  
Has journey'd but a twelve-month, since I was  
In *Ferdinando's* Court, the Paragon  
Of happy *Naples*, when his Palace seem'd  
Guarded with Princely tutors, and mine eye,  
Caught with so many rarities of men,  
Taught me that too much choice did hinder choice,  
That *Galeazzo* then must cary me ?

This *Galeazzo*, neither Prince, nor Man,  
Fool'd out of both by *Sferza*, his deare vncle.

Can I thinke this, and thinke of joy againe ?

Can I thinke this, and dare to thinke againe ?

Why should some toyes of after-torment fright  
A resolution of easing me

From present ones ? O tis the curse of man

To be unhappy at arbitrement, *Enter Julia.*

Till heav'n please to relent. My *Julia*,

Breath's *Naples* any comfort ? quickly speake.

*Jul.* None, Madam, and your courteous Grandfather  
In steed of Armies sends you Patience.

*Isab.* VVhat ? patience ? he should have sent me rage,  
Ayded my anger, if nor my revenge :



*The Tragedy of Sforza.*

Patience ? O God ! can griefe be patient ?  
 Can Thunder whisper ? or chaf'd seas not roare ?  
 In me is Sea and thunder, I will be  
 A patterne of Revenge not miſery.

---

*Scena ſecunda.**Sforza.*

*S*forza, as yet thou but beginſt to act,  
 And yet beginſt to ſtagger : wert thou not  
 A Princes ſonne ? why art thou not a Prince ?  
 Protectors are but ſubjects, and this ſtaffe  
 But ſhewes me under whole command I am.  
 Is this our hindrance that our mother firſt  
 Swell'd with another ? what her wombe denyde  
 Our head ſhall give, or we will loſe our head.  
 What was her labour to a Crowne ? Perhaps  
 A monſter might have fill'd her firſt, a thing  
 Of royall prodigy, and ſhould this thing  
 Grow to be hooted to a crowne before us ?  
 Or if that crownes be due to the moſt yeares,  
 Why ſhould the Nephew be the Uncles Lord ?  
 And Lawes of Nations conquer thoſe of Nature ?  
 Nature intended Sov'raignty to them  
 Of ſoveraigne underſtanding; to the reſt,  
 How ever aged, but ſubjection,  
 Which *Iſabella* would detain us in :  
 And whiſt ſhe truſts to *Naples*, our ſad brow  
 May ſooner weare willow, then Diadems. *Enter*  
 Return'd ſo ſoone, my *Belgioſa* ? thanks, *Belgioſa.*  
 Before I heare thy meſſage, for thy haſt,  
*Bel.*

*The Tragedy of Sforza.*

5

*Bel.* My Lord, our sudden comming into *France*,  
Left fame behind us, where arriv'd, we crav'd  
A private audience.

*Sf.* But had you it ?  
Did not our enemies sharpe espies descry  
The depth of our hid counsells ?

*Bel.* They might first  
Descry the subtile path of a swift ship,  
The voyage of a bullet, or of thought,  
Before your more mysterious purposes ?

*Sf.* Then since we are alone, and in a place  
Free from the bold intrusion of an eye,  
Feigne Vs the Prince to whom we sent you forth,  
And speake our Embassy unto our selfe.

*Bel.* Great Prince, to have the offer of a Crowne  
Is rare, and your felicity : my Lord,  
*Millans* Protector, but your servant, knowing  
The ancient right your predecessors had  
In usurpt *Naples*, by us wooes your Grace  
(Consider unto what he wooes your Grace)  
Not to maintaine his pow'r, but make your owne,  
To take a Kingdome that e'n sighes for you.  
So shall the infamy of a lost crowne  
Rot in the earth with your dead Ancestors,  
And the recovery revive their names  
To waite upon your tryumph with your foes :  
For so much justice needs no other power,  
And yet such is your pow'r, that it is able  
To make what ever you should fancy, just :  
But that your vertue is above that pow'r.  
I will not call you usurer of Fame,  
By this large act, when the astonisht world  
Now fifty Ages off from us, shall reade  
Not in the boastings of a painted tombe

(The flatteries of great rottennesse) but your name  
 Writ in *A*ternities true Characters,  
 For making conquer'd Crownes the rudiments  
 Of your victorious infancy in armes,  
 When *France* shall know no other *Charlemaigne*  
*Sf.* But should we faile in the attempt? what then?  
*Belg.* Can Heav'n faile Iustice? or those pow'rs cōmit  
 Sinnes which they punish? O my gracious Lord  
 Sin not with that weak thought: but if they should,  
*Sforza* will never:

*Sf.* He is alwaies noble,  
 But hee'l undoe us with a benefit,  
 To give a kingdome is above requitall.

*Belg.* His hopes are but the praise of honest deeds,  
 If in the rereward of your spreading Fame, (glance  
 That fils all mouthes, some happy tongue may  
 At him, as a poore engine of your glory,  
 That could impart, but not possesse a Fame.

*Sf.* Excellent man! if to this welcome speech  
 Thou giu'st as faire an answer.

*Bel.* This in brieft  
 After some scruple, and a little pause  
 He whisper'd he would come.

*Sf.* Exactly done.

But leave us now, my noble *Belgiosa*,  
 Till we may study a reward for thee. *Ex. Belg.*

The twilight hastens, when *Vitellio*  
 And *Militefta* one of an high trust *Ent. Vitell.*  
 with our fond Nephew promised cōferēce. & *Ma.*

And here they are. Is it decreed brave friends?  
 Shall it be swiftly done? nay, tis no matter,  
 Your colour sayes you dare not.

*Vit.* It lyes then:  
 If that my colour shew me disobedient

To

To my good Lord, be I for ever pale :]  
But when shall *Galeazzoes* wish'd-for death  
Shew we dare somewhat ?

*Sf.* VVe would gladly have  
A poyson teach him linger to his death,  
And a month hence we shall expect his knell. *Ex.*

Now are we entred, and now to retire  
VVerre the worse treason : like an inrag'd fire  
The more we are oppos'd, the more wee'l spread  
And make our foes our fewell : to be head  
VVe'e'l cut off any member, and condemne  
Vertue offolly for a Diadem,  
Banish Religion, and make blood as cheape  
As when two Armies turn'd into one heape  
Of carcasses, lye grov'ling, what care we  
For the slight tainture of disloyalty ?  
None will commend the race till it be run,  
And these are deeds not pra is'd till they are done.

---

*Scena tertia*

*Iuliano, Picinino.*

*Iul.* MY *Picinino*, holds this sad newes true ?

*Pici.* My *Iuliano*, yes; tis in each voyce  
That some perswasion flatt'ring *Ferdinand*,  
That the French journey was but a report,  
Made him revoke *Alphonso*, his brave sonne  
VWho with an Army had indanger'd us:  
For the wise old man fearing, a deepe feare  
Might arme an enemy, else too weake for him,  
And make us hasten the French warre, gave o're

His

His warre with us : but when he understands  
That all this quiet does not purchase peace,  
The coozen'd Prince seeks the sure peace of death,  
And leaves his ruine to destroy his sonne. (too.

*Iul.* Will the French come? then prethee, Death, come  
Why should our eyes dull'd to all other sights  
By Age and sorrow, be reserv'd for fight  
Of warre and sorrow? ô discourteous heav'n's!  
Why have you dally'd with us to white hayres?  
Why kept till this time, must we perish now?  
O wherefore are we come so neere the grave  
And are not in it yet? yet pardon me  
Good heav'n, your acts are above question:  
Yet I may shed these teares for *Italy*;  
Slave of that world, which once, her valour slav'd,  
Restoring backe her triumph's with her spoyle,  
Distracted in herselfe, and onely fit  
To make a bankrupt Poet heale his credit  
With matter for fresh Tragedies.

*Pic.* Good heav'n!

Is this to ease misfortune, or increase it?  
If Passion could whine out felicity,  
Or plentiful teares could drowne unhappinesse,  
I have eyes too, and they containe their showers,  
Nor would I ere be niggard of a Griefe.  
But teares being onely teares, an easie dew  
Of childish eyes, and all the rest of Griefe  
Commanding smiles, more then Compassion,  
I thanke my *Genius* I am resolute  
To laugh at Fortune when she is most angry.

*Iul.* Such laughter may have little mirth in it,  
And I shall have more comfort in a teare.

*Pic.* You may, good Fountaine, yes, droppe on, to see,  
If so much moysture will revive thy cheekes

whilst



Whilst Ile be yong with laughter. I am he  
That feares a sorrow, more then misery.

---

Scena quarta.

Vitellio.

THIS is the place, & this the time: good heav'n!

What an odd place, and what an uncouth time?

Had I beene hyr'd to murder *Sforza* here,

Hell could not prompt more fit occasion.

I like nor it, nor him: but here he comes. *Ent. Sfor.*

*Sf.* Welcome *Vitellio*, thy hast is welcome:

Nay complement with him, whō thou wouldst kill,

Be free to us as we doe know thee true.

Speak, yet I need not bid thee, for thine eye

Sparkles a joyfull answer. Is it done?

*Vit.* Tis done my Lord, and now my Lord, 'tis told

(That *Galeazzo* is no more a man)

And with an even scruple, for to me

The act's as easie as relation.

*Sf.* Thou speak'st true manhood: 'tis thy art alone

That gives us certaine honour: there are some

Strive for *Eternity* with losse of life,

At least with hazard of the losse of it,

And think they are reveng'd when they are kill'd;

These are our valiant duellists, and these

Do bleed whilst we do cōquer; heale their wounds,

Whilst we receive none: then, at last, unfold

(Man of deepe Art, that canst prevent the Fates,

And cut a thread, which they had thought so spun

Forty yeares longer) thy wise mysteries.

Thy



Thy constant, never failing stratagems,  
 Which cause a death, without a feare of death,  
*Vit.* Here are some drugs, but of these some, not one  
 But can command a life where ere it is,  
 And ruinate the strongest workemanship  
 That Heav'n ere brag'd to have compos'd of earth,  
 Powders of speedy Fate, but above all  
 The instruments, which make me neere to death  
 Of such indear'd familiarity,  
 This glaſſe has nimbleſt operation :  
 Whole liquor caſt upon the face of man  
 Straight dulls him to an everlaſting ſleepe.

*Sf.* Is this the liquor of *Eternitie*? *Vitellio falſe*  
 Then take thy *Lethe*, & goe ſleep for ever, as dead.  
*Mal.* I am deceiv'd, or elſe this is the place, *Ent. Ma.*  
 Which *Sforza* chooſeth when he is alone.  
 Yes, this is it.

*Sf.* What *Malateſta* come?  
 What Devill brought him hither? O croſſe ſtars!  
 Be ſudden, *Sforza*, now, or thou art loſt:  
 He muſt beleeve our guilt was accidēt. *He falſe ſupō*  
 Speakemy *Vitellio*, O tune thy lips. *Vitellio.*  
 But to one ſyllable, but to one groane  
 And I am ſatiſfi'd,

*Mal.* What ſight is here?  
*Vitellio* dead, & *Sforza* turn'd a Mourner? (ſoyld!)  
*Sf.* Should thou die thus, how would thy name be  
 For though I am as guiltleſſe of thy death,  
 As Innocence, or if there be a name  
 That hath leſſe being: yet the envious world  
 Will quit curſt Fortune of ſo great a crime,  
 And give it me: yet ſpeake.

*Mal.* I'm bold my Lord,  
 To aſke your Honor when this diſmall chance

Fiſt

*The Tragedy of Sforza.*

11

First frighted Heav'n?

*Sf.* Now, *Malatesta*, now :  
When could unhappinesse raigne so, but now ?  
As if he meant to be before his Lord,  
He had no sooner told the Prince must die,  
But he straight dy'd.

*Mal.* Then courage, my good Lord,  
Since it is thus, make the best use of it :  
For now you need not feare to be reveal'd,  
When one mouth's stopt, & th' other is your owne.  
But since your last retyrement, we have beene  
Instructed by the speed of frequent Poasts,  
Of the arrivall of the King of *France*.

*Sf.* With thanks, a while, my *Malatesta*, leave us. *Ex.*  
Why should we longer thinke of other pow'rs,  
And not bring offerings now to our owne braine ?  
Which gives us Agents of all kinds of men,  
And Kings aswell as poysoners : this wise King  
Must trouble *Naples*, who would trouble us,  
Divert invasions which are yet not made,  
And thus our ends are cheapely brought about,  
We onely at the charge of plott : they fight,  
And *Galeazzo* dyes, whom either King  
Were they not thus intangled, would preserve :  
We shall be conquerors without fighting, thus,  
And their poore swords shal cut a way for us. *Surg.*  
I me for you *France*. *Vitellio.*

*Vit.* And I am for you, *Sforza*,  
Not poyson'd yet, unless it were by thy teares.  
The other liquor had an Antidote.  
Happy suspect ! had I beene credulous  
And thought his love as free as it would seeme  
I had not beene, distrust has ransom'd me.  
But *Malatesta* is intrapp'd, I know

*Sforza*

*Sforza* for nothing did not aske the skill :  
 My equall villaine perishes, and I  
 Thus being accessary to his death  
 May sinne to Innocence, by boasting off  
 The Prince's fate to him : whilst a disguise  
 Shall keepe alive the fame that I am dead.  
 And thus halfe truth shall come to light, and I,  
 Be wisely cleer'd by double villany.

---

*Scena quinta.*

*Caiazzo, Sanseverin, Malvezzo;*  
*Sanf.* **A**S I am noble, 'twas a glorious fight,  
 To see two Princes, in their State at once :  
 As if two Sunnes had harmlesly conspir'd  
 To beautifie, and not to fright the Heav'ns.  
 Why should the formall nicety of State  
 Debarre these often interviewes ? I thinke  
 They would be medicine against Tyranny :  
 For, when a Prince sees all things under him,  
 Heads of eternall nakednesse, and men  
 That make their glory of their servitude,  
 He thinks hee's uncontrollable, that none  
 Without a fauzy imputation  
 Dares warne him to his duty : but suppose  
 An equall Majesty should once become  
 His usuall object, one, whose uncheck't blood  
 Runnes full as high as his, then he does learne,  
 That ther's a Common wealth of Princes too,  
 Not one sole Monarchi.

*Cai.**Yet, Sanseverin,*

If you observ'd, some clouds obscur'd both Sunnes  
 For,

For, when they smil'd most freely, and exprest  
 Their neereſt frienſhip by a ſtrict embrace,  
 They lookt ſo jealouſly, as if they fear'd  
 A cloſer ſtab : and then the King tooke leave  
 With that exceſſe of haſt, that one would thinke  
 (After this eager preparation,)  
 He did intend his journey to leave us,  
 Not to winne *Naples*

*Mal.* 'Tis a dangerous time,  
 (And yet I ſeeme to croſſe the truth I ſpeake  
 When I not feare to call't a dangerous time)  
*Sforza* is over-wiſe, and ſo attempts  
 Vpon the confidence of his owne braine  
 (A braine, though wiſe, yet I may ſafely ſay,  
 Within the poſſibilitie of error)  
 Things, that can onely hap by miracle  
 To any good.

*Sanſ.* Why, what can happen ill ?  
 Feare you a warre ? and what's to be fear'd there ?  
 Leſt that a mortall dy, leſt that the life  
 Due to a knotty gout, or grating ſtone,  
 Have a more eaſie period by the ſword,  
 Let them feare warre, who feare to ſee their gold,  
 Leſt that the Sunne ſhould have a ſight with them,  
 Holding ſo much of Earth, th'are turn'd to it,  
 Who have no more life then their durty acres,  
 Men, I may ſay, in the worſt part of men.  
 And why like theſe runne we an idle race  
 Of threeſcore yeares, and then ſneake to a Death ?  
 Whilſt ſouldiers maſter their mortality  
 And dye by men, if that atall they dye.  
*Malvezzo* know, when all things ſifted are,  
 Peace onely pleaſeth them that ne'r knew warre.

## Actus secundi

## Scena prima.

*Juliano, Picinino.**Jul.* **H**Eard you the generall whispering?*Pic.* No, what ist?*Jul.* The Duke is ill. —*Pic.* And doe they whisper that?*Jul.* Yes : and they say he has strange fits.*Pic.* How? strange?

Is poyson strange in *Italy*? why, know,  
 As Princes live above the vulgar, so  
 Their death has a Prerogative : meane men  
 May dreame away their time to fourescore yeares,  
 And when their rotten joynts drop to their dust,  
 Onely some triviall infirmity,  
 A Palsie, or an Ague beares the blame :  
 But 'tis not State for Princes to be old,  
 And yet they must not be suppos'd to dye  
 By the respectlesse treason of disease,  
 But by some strange unheard of accident  
 That Fate did never dreame of : but no more,  
 You know *Vitellio*, and the hight of grace  
*Sforza* has shew'd him, 'tis suspitious  
 VVhen wisdom flatters villany : then come,  
 Let us be private, and discourse some treason.

Enter

Enter, after solemne Musick, *Sforza*, *Sanseverin*,  
*Cajazzo*, and souldiers. when after some pri-  
uate whispring they depart severall waies.

*Jul.* But stay, my *Picinino*, who are here?

*Pic.* O the grand favorite, *Sanseverine*,  
A most full bubble, valiant vanity :  
That in high termes can sweare downe fortresses,  
Blow away Armies with a pow'rfull breath,  
And spoyle the enemy before he sees him :  
But when he comes to action, lye as still,  
As in the tale, that lumpish King of Frogs,  
Which *Jove* did give them in his merriment.  
Were tilting, valour, I ne're knew a man  
Of larger worth : could he but breake the ranks  
Of enemies aswell as he does speares,  
*Millan* ne're saw a braver Generall.  
But there's his brother too.

*Jul.* I, thats the man.

*Pic.* (Tis wonder we can know so much of him)  
He that can sound the depth of that sly braine  
Has a large plummet, trust me *Julia*,  
An hundred Lawyers make up that one head,  
And scarcely too : quicke *Proteus* to him,  
To this *Cajazzo* was an Ideot,  
A plaine flat Ideot, I tell thee man,  
*Meander* never knew so many windings;  
If, as they say, an *Emulation*  
Is bred by likenesse, I do wonder much  
How *Sforza* is induc'd to imploy him,  
Who has more Devill in him, then himselfe.

*Jul.* But why is this imployment? why these Armes?

D

When



When all but *Naples* are our friends, and they  
 Not able now to shew themselves our foes,  
 Ingag'd, and almost lost in the French warre.  
*Pic.* Trickes, *Juliano*, Statists call them Arts,  
 Not to be fadom'd by a vulgar reach :  
 But though I want the villany to know,  
 Yet I have so much spleene to laugh at them,  
 And take a comfort in this plainer sense,  
 No subtilty can coozen Providence.

---

*Scena secunda.*

*Ascanio, Galeazzo, Isabella, Iulia.*

*Asc.* **H**OW rests the Prince ?

*Isab.* O my good Lord, he rests,  
 But 'tis a quiet, such as the Seas have,  
 When that the winds have spent their violence,  
 And out of impotence bestow a calme :  
 'Tis more a death, then slumber, you may see  
 His senses rather weary, then at rest.

*Asc.* Are then his fits so raging ?

*Isab.* Nothing else,  
 Should he but wake, you'd think two Armies met,  
 And strove together for the loudest shout.  
 Disease has spread herselfe ore all his parts,  
 And onely spar'd his tongue, as if some starre  
 Not knowing otherwise to cleare it selfe  
 From imputation of tyranny,  
 For such exact plaguing of Innocence

Had

Had left him that to curse withall, that so  
To all that heard his fury, he might seeme  
To be thus tortur'd for his Blasphemy.

*Gal.* Water, some water.

*Isab.*

Now the fit beginnes :

*Gal.* Some of my slaves runne, and exhaust the Po,  
Charge him no more to vent his idle streames  
Into the glutted Maine, but rather poure  
All his moyst mouths on me : d'ye stare, begone,  
Use not your eyes at all, unlesse to weepe :  
And that, not teares of sorrow, but of helpe,  
Such as may coole me.

*Asc.*

Patience, sweet Prince,

Adde not unto the fire of your disease,  
The heat of passion,

*Gal.*

What red thing is this ?

Ha, *Isabella*, tell me.

*Is.*

'Tis your vncl

The noble Prince, *Ascanio*.

*Gal.*

'Tis false;

He is nor Prince, nor noble : hearke you friends,  
He talkes of Passion, and of Patience,  
Let him discourse of *Aetna*, or *Vesuvius*,  
Or of a greater heat then I doe feele,  
And I will answer him : Patience to me ?  
Goe bid rough seas be patient.

*Asc.*

He growes worse,

And opposition does inflame him more :  
Me thinkes I see his eye-lids faintly strive  
Against Deaths closing.

*Gal.*

O ! my joynts are fire.

Why does not heav'n shed Cataracts, and lowre  
Once to my comfort ? are they hot as I,  
Have they no moysture, for a Suppliant?

Thē, though hot heav'n oppose, whē once my breath  
 Hath left this corps, Ile have a cold by death. *Mor,*  
*If.* Heard you that grone my Lord--ō he is dead;  
 Cracke then ye tardy heart strings, quickly cracke,  
 And give me leave to over-take the flight  
 Of my dead husband.

*Asc.* What is past our helpe,  
 Let it be past our grieve : tis fortitude  
 To suffer chances counterbuffes as one  
 That by his expectation had deceiv'd  
 All her faint threatnings : till this sadder time  
 Your life has had one constant scene of joy,  
 Which here is interrupted : you should thanke  
 The heav'ns because they were not tedious  
 In their delights : for this variety.  
 As hunger praiseth feasts, so it may be  
 Youle love joy better for this misery.

*Scena tertia.**Sforza, Beatrice.*

*Sf.* **H**OW covetous thou art to learne mishap ?  
*Beatrice* the answer kills thee.

*Beat.* Kill me then,

But not deny me

*Sf.* Dearest, I am lost,  
 And in my ruine, thou.

*Beat.* I would be so,  
 Safety were ruine were it otherwise,  
 Yet tell me *Sforza*, how are you so lost ?

*Sf.* O what a busie torture woman is !  
 I must say somewhat, but the maine is silence,  
*Vicellioes* losse, yes, that hath lost me too :

*The Tragedy of Sforza.*

19

No sooner kill'd then lost, so strangely gone,  
As if the dead had learnt a motion  
So to convey themselves unto the grave.

*Beat.* Will you be still unkind?

*Sf.* Thou shalt heare all.

The French have cōquer'd *Naples*, & w<sup>ch</sup> drawes  
Blood from our soule, without a drop of blood:  
When thus we plotted it, that when both Kings  
Had wearied out themselves with equal slaughter,  
And here *Alphonso* totter'd, and there *Charles*;  
When losse had seiz'd the conqueror, then we  
Would have amaz'd the conqueror as he sh  
With new alarmes: when by the flattery  
Of chance, *France* gets a kingdom without blood,  
And by dry victory has undone a plot  
Worth many Kingdomes: I presum'd on this,  
*Naples* had souldiers enough to last  
Killing a yeare, in which space, we resolv'd  
To arme all Italy against the French,  
And cunningly drive out, whom we call'd in:  
Which, ere we could accomplish, is disclos'd,  
And conqu'ring *France* intends to hinder it,  
By our invasion: ô my policy!  
Must I be wounded with the sword I gave?  
And find those enemies, whom onely I  
Enabled to my injury? well; heav'n,  
Your kindnesse is a miracle sometime,  
Beyond all reason, but your curse is wit,  
My fault is my faults punisher.

*Enter  
Ascan.*

*Asc.* Long life,  
And happy to our Duke.

*Sf.* How my *Ascanio*?  
Recall thy selfe, good Cardinall, what Duke  
Whilst *Galeazzo* lives?

D 3

*Asc.*

*Afc.*

Most truly Duke,

*Sf.* For *Galeazzo's* dead.

Alas poore child,

I could have wish'd thee longer life, but since  
 Heav'n's will is otherwise, twere blasphemy  
 To storme at that which is the will of heav'n.

I hate that impotent rebellion.

*Enter Sansev.*

*Sanf.* My Lord, so crosse was Fortune, that you were  
 Made almost banqu'rout by a too much thrift :  
 For whē you had discharg'd those numerous troops  
 Whose charges lay as hard upon the State  
 As an invasion could, then *Orleance* mov'd  
 And stole *Navarra*, which disastrous newes  
 So heated the remainder of your troopes  
 (As if you had added to their valour more,  
 When you abated from their multitudes)  
 That by a nimble victory, they made  
 His conquest be his prison.

*Sf.*

Noble friend

Stand thou, and our State stands : ô why doe men  
 Cry out on Age, on eating Age ? as though  
 Our many griefes were from our many yeares,  
 And the last times were worst : we rather find  
 That nothing is so dangerous to Kings  
 As a yong Principality : for tis  
 With them almost as with yong plants, which yeeld  
 Vnto the least intreaty of the wind,  
 And need no stronger blast; but gaining Age  
 Scarce stoope to thunder : may we once arise  
 Vnto this happy firmenesse of estate,  
 This blest maturity of Prince, we stand  
 Fearelesse of fall, but if heaven envy us  
 And have decreed our ruine with our rising,  
 Yet such wee le have it voyde of all base feares  
 Our foes shall grieve our ruine was not theirs.



Scena quarta.

Cajazzo, Belgiosa, Malvezzo.

Mal. MY Lords, since we are met so happily,  
(If you esteeme me not too bold, to aske  
The story of your high-fam'd actions)  
Blesse me with the Relation.

Caj. I much feare  
Mine are not worthy your attention :  
Yet if it please you, noble *Belgiosa*,  
(Because my story will depend on that)  
To shew the reason why the giddy French,  
So strangely left their conquest : such your pow'r,  
Such a full conquest have you of your friend,  
I'll shame my selfe for your content.

Bel. Then, thus :  
From us *France* hurry'd thorow *Lumbardy*  
And fled to conquer, who had seene that hast  
Would easily suppos'd it to have beene  
Rather a flight then an invasion.  
The Pope quakes at the progresse, and admits  
Yong *Ferdinand* into *Rome*, that if the French  
Should dare a fight, they might find *Naples* there.  
*France* flights that fainter opposition,  
And speakes his scorne in thunder, *Naples* flies,  
And all his army hath no other use  
Then to become unwilling harbingers  
To shew their lodgings to the conqu'ring French,  
Who like fierce winds that sweep away their lets,  
Or like incroaching tydes, take swiftly in  
The offer'd Countries, not defended : now  
Saint *German* yeelds, and sawcy *Capua*



That dar'd a competition once with *Rome*,  
*Aversa* takes the president, and now  
 The King of *Naples* finds home foes, and such  
 As durst be valiant against their Prince,  
 And use their fond armes in a mutiny,  
 Which were not safe enough for a defence.  
 He taking the advantage of their crime  
 Vnconquer'd by the French, to these he yeelds,  
 And chuseth rather to become no Prince  
 Than keep the Crown, which they would take away.

*Mal.* What was the issue?

*Bel.*

Strangely pittifull:

He that had Navies yesterday, has now  
 Scarce a barke left him, scarce a planke or two,  
 To trust him to the mercy of the Seas,  
 The Seas more courteous then the multitude:  
 In which he makes for *Ischia*, and leaves  
 His enemy his successor.

*Car.*

And he

(As I have seene some wav'ring amorist)  
 Neglects his conquest for the easinesse,  
 For when twas certaine *Ferdinand* was fled,  
 Whilst they might justly yet feare his returne,  
 The French returne, as if they meant to try  
 Which would be soonest weary of the hast,  
 Who had the swifter pace to runne away:

*Bel.* That is no new act of new governors,  
 Such stories are as ancient as the world.  
 Till they doe try what they can doe, they thinke  
 They may doe all things, their first act is warre  
 (As if they meant rather to kill then raigne)  
 It matters not upon what ground: there is  
 Pretence enough to quit a conqueror  
 From the least shew of injury: but then

VWhen

When they have felt the least of warres extremes  
They rave, they faint, they crosse what they first did  
And are e'en weary of a victory.

*Cai. France* made this certain truth, who in his brags  
Had sworne the fall of *Mahomet* : but now  
When he might heare the groanes of *Gracia*  
Deliver'd by the echoes of their sea,  
To make them more, he thinkes on a retreat,  
And chuseth home before a victory.  
It was a vally, where our *Taro* laves  
The root of *Apennine*, and a large plaine  
Spheard with a row of swelling Earth, makes swarre  
A spacious Amphitheater : where we  
Stayd for their comming; when mature advice  
That crownes most actions, strangely injur'd us  
For rashnesse would have stole a victory  
Which tedious consultation gave away,  
Successe had smil'd on our temerity  
Had we assaulted them upon the hills  
And added to the mountaines with the French.  
But I am tedious : onely our vanne fought,  
And twas the Frenchmens victory to resist :  
Both were o'recome, both conquerors, for they  
Still kept the field, and we still kept the prey.

*Bel.* O what is valour joyn'd with Modesty !  
This conquers both our Fortune and your skill.  
Should you but write a story, and professe  
That purenesse from al passion which y'ave shown,  
You would be credited, though twere your owne.  
But what reward is't to be but beleev'd?  
You shall be ever prays'd : what you have done  
Feares neither envy, nor oblivion :  
And for this act succession shall see  
*Cajazzo* as long-liv'd as *Italy*.

*Scena quinta.**Vitellio disguised.*

**I** Wonder *Malatesta* still survives :  
 Sure *Sforza* has forgot himselfe; my death  
 Does but halfe cleare him, and if the other live,  
 He cannot looke for a full innocence.  
 It is not mercy, certainly : ô, no,  
 Mercy with him is folly : but t' may be  
 He feares that had he kild us both at once  
 Rumor would be too busie, and all mouths  
 Would cry, that Chance had too much project in't.  
 This is the place of Destiny, 'tis here  
*Sforza* does actuate his bloody arts,  
 Mistaking privacy for innocence,  
 And thinkes hee's good, because he is not scene.  
 Here must I wayte for a discovery.

*Enter Sforza.*

**Sf.** I must once more be cruell, yet not I,  
 This is the murther of Necessity :  
 But what has he deserv'd, who has done nought  
 But what we charg'd, & so perform'd our thought?  
 Is Death due to Obedience ? can this hand  
 Yeeld to his Fate, that seal'd to his command ?  
 Yet he, or I must perish : shall I see  
 My life, my honor, my *Aeternity*,  
 Lye at his mercy, and be safe, so long  
 As he is pleas'd to temper his rude tongue ?  
 Till he be drunke, or treacherous ? Ile first  
 Study amongst all actions, which is worst  
 And over-act it : though our former deed  
 Was from ambition, this is yet from need :

Death

Death is too good reward for such a slave, *Enter*  
 And sure there is no blabbing in the grave. *Mal.*  
 But here he comes: why are thy looks so grim?  
 Why *Malatesta*, in thy furrow'd face  
 See I the signes of Anger, or of Griefe?  
 Command thy face to a more smiling forme,  
 That I may think thee pleas'd when thou dost tell  
 What does displease thee.

*Mal.* 'Twas a foolish dreame,  
 That stole my colour from my paler cheekes.  
 Last night I saw *Vitellio*.

*Sf.* And what?  
 Canst thou feare shadowes?

*Mal.* Yes if shadowes speake,  
 If that their threatnings be substantiall.  
 From such a paper as your Highnesse holds,  
 He forc't me breath in Death.

*Sf.* This Paper holds  
 A strange perfume, of such a cunning vertue,  
 That at a distance it scarce smels at all.  
 And at the nose it gives the best of sentes.  
 Make the experiment:

*Mal.* O! I am slaine.

*Sf.* Heav'ns what a stilnesse here is? what a death  
 Of the whole man at once? the wandring eye  
 Now findes a station, and the busie pulle  
 Is now for ever idle: where's the tongue  
 That but ev'n now could say as much as this,  
 When that the soule could prompt it? but e'en now  
 Here was a thing could speake, and poyson too,  
 That knew more wayes to kill, then ever Heav'n  
 Did to make man: and could his subtlety,  
 That could give death, not know to keep out death?  
 Fye, what a bulke it is, what a great lumpe

Of

Of nothing, that shall lose that nothing too?  
 What a dead toy is Man, when his thin breath  
 Flyes to its kindred Ayre? ô why at all  
 Did Heav'n bestow, or why at all bereave  
 Man of this Vapour of Eternity?  
 And must we one day be a stocke like this,  
 Fit onely to inrich the greedy Earth,  
 And fill an house of Death, perhaps before  
 We see the Issue of another Plot?  
 Must we lie subject to be trampled on,  
 By some, perhaps not Politicians? (dence?  
 Where's then our Wisedome? our deepe Provi-  
 Are they durt too? ô heav'ns! but if they are

*Enter some Negroes  
 to cary away the body.*

Or durt, or nothing, Ile enjoy my fame.  
 And rottenesse shall seize me, not my name.  
*Vit.* Are those the Instruments? well my black friends,  
 I eas'd you of a labour: all succeeds  
 According to the flatt'ry of my wish,  
 And my suspition turnes to prophecy.  
 But my so bloody, and so wary *Sforza*,  
 Your Agent's dead, but not your crime: 'twill out,  
 And by this carcasse: I will flye to France,  
 Divulge loud papers,---they are writ already,---  
 And here they are, these I will sweare were found  
 In the dead pois'ners pockets: by this meanes  
*Sforza's* proclaim'd a murtherer, I'm freed,  
 And make it be his guilt, which was my deed.

*Vitellio going forth meets  
 with Isabella.*

*Scena*



*Scena quinta.*

*Vitellio, Isabella, Julia.*

**M**Adame I have some newes of that import,  
That (if you please to command privacy)  
Will both desire, and fright your patience

*If.* Be brieve

*Vit.* First know I am *Vitellio*.

*If.* Thou art a villaine, and a pois'ner then,  
Hast thou a drugges for us ?

*Vit.* Yes such an one  
Shall make you love a poyson : reade, & wonder.

*If.* I doe : and more, how thou could purchase this  
Without a guilt.

*Vit.* I did peruse the spoyles  
Of *Malatesta's* carcasse, whom I found  
Most strangely guilty, and as strangely dead,  
Whose pockets furnisht me with these instructions

*If.* Thus we learne Murther from thy Felony :  
But what should make me trust a confest rogue ?

*Vit.* My villany : my credit is my crime :  
Had not I stole, you had not understood.

*If.* I must beleev'e : but darst thou poison well ?  
Commit a crime, which thou maist glory of ?

*Vit.* On whom deare Lady ?

*If.* Nay I care not whom.  
But I can give reward to a wise crime.

*Vit.* My quicke dispatch shall make you gladly know  
I understand, what you desire, and hide. *Exit.*

*If.* Now should he poison *Sforza*. O fond hope !  
That mak'st us thinke all true that we desire.

Should he betray us now ? for what ? that we  
Intreated

Intreated him to kill, we knew not whom,  
 By this expression thus much I have wonne :  
 I may be made, but cannot be undone.

---

*Scena sexta.**Picinino.*

**F**ORTUNE is merry, and the heav'n dispos'd  
 To play with me, I am turn'd Favourite.  
 Me thinkes my haire asham'd of their white hue  
 Should blush to youth : O how I could looke big,  
 Take Gyant strides, doat on my lovely selfe,  
 And talke as fillily as any Lord.  
 To see the prettinesse of action,  
 Of State-employment : *Sforza's* to be crown'd,  
 And I must winne the popular suffrages.  
 Good Heav'ns ! was ever such a merry load  
 Impos'd on Man : some cry the times are ill,  
 Others could wish them better, and a third  
 Knowes how to make all well, but tells not how,  
 And, cause that he is silent, would be wise.  
 But in conclusion I doe finde them ready  
 (On supposition of no more expence,  
 And that their voice is su'd for, not their purse)  
 To give a lusty acclamation.

*Sforza*

Sforza, 3 Ambassadors, Cajazzo, Sanseverin,  
Malvezzo, as in procession, they offer up  
the French Banners at the Altar, whilst this  
is sung.

Song.

IO, Io, gladly sing,  
Till the Heav'n with wonder ring.  
He is fled, let *Millan* say  
Once more, he is fled, the day  
Clears againe, and makes us see  
A braver light of victory.  
Io, Io, &c.

Yet he had before he fought  
(By the speedy warre of thought)  
Conquer'd *Italy*, and so  
Has hasten'd his owne overthrow.  
Io, Io, &c.

Henceforth let them learne to live  
In the peace, that home doth give,  
Nor againe so fondly rave,  
To travell for a forren grave.  
Io, Io, &c.

Sf. First we thank Heav'n, by whose most gracious aid  
We have the meanes, and reason to thanke you.  
Now we beginne to lift up our faint heads,  
And entertaine, though scarce beleieve a peace :  
Now *Italy* at length has lost her yoake,  
Which she was wont to give, but never beare,  
And therefore wondred at the strangeness more  
Then

Then at the weight of't : in this noble act  
*Sforza* claimes nothing but the happinesse,  
 Which he acknowledges receiv'd from you.

1 *Amb.* *Sforza's* deserts exceed the height of praise.

2 *Amb.* He has slav'd Italy by freeing it.

3 *Amb.* Millan must know him for her *Romulus*.

*Sf.* VVe know our selfe so underneath this praise,  
 That could we but suspect untruth in you,  
 VVee'd call all this but mockery.

*Pic.* D'ye doubt ?

Make you a question of the name of it ?

VVhy call it as it is, plaine flattery.

*Cajaz.* VVe wondred lately at the prouder French,

And gave too high a vauw to their acts :

VVhen in a serious estimation,

Their chiefest victory was of the miles,

And more a journey then a warre : if they

Could gaine a fame by nimble travelling,

How shall we reare a trophee to his name,

That made them goe farre faster then they came ?

For my part (though I know his Modesty,

VVhich will refuse the honours he deserves)

I'de have him forc'd unto the government,

To rule that happy land which he hath sav'd.

*Omnes.* A *Sforza* a *Sforza*. *Ascanio* crowns him.

*Sf.* *Sforza* will ne'r gaine say the gen'rall voice,

Your love I like beyond your gift : kind Heav'ns !

Shew by my governments integrity

You were the peoples prompter, and I'll shew

(If you but actuate my just desires)

I onely am their Duke in goodnesse : since

Millan hath chose, it shall applaud her Prince.

*Alto*

Actus tertii

Scena prima.

*Umbra Galeatii.*

**N**O rest in death? why then I see they erre  
That give a quiet to a sepulcher.  
'Tis our hard fate, nor can Man chuse but die,  
But where Griefe is, is Immortality.  
This drawes our juicelasse bones to a new day,  
From Lethes banks, where we have learnt the way,  
(An easie learning) to returne our woes,  
And laugh at our misfortunes in our focs.  
Wee'll draw felicity out of our fall,  
And make our ghost reuenge our Funerall.  
That our dim Eyes, & with pale death benighted,  
May by revenge be clear'd, and we be righted  
(If other punishment should come too slow)  
By the exacter justice of our foe.  
When being betray'd by them he trusted most,  
He shall be pris'ner in a forren coast,  
When wanting sustenance, his teeth shall chaw  
His armes for food, and their once feeders gnaw.  
When Hell shall have but part of him, when he  
That now triumphs shall be lesse ghost then we.

F

*Scena*

*Scena secunda.**Sforza. Ascanio.**Asc.* *Sforza*, you are undone.*Sf.* Why my *Ascanio*?

Fortune is fearefull of so foule a crime.

*Asc* You durst be bad, and yet improvident,  
And so it is not Fortunes, but your crime.

Which shall I first beginne to blame ? your fault

Or (pardon if I call it) Foolishnesse :

I faint to thinke, that you are past excuse,

Both with the honest and the Politicke.

*Sf.* Come neerer, my deare Cardinall, and tell

In easier termes what tis that troubles you :

Is *Galeazzo's* death divulg'd ?*Asc.*

It is :

The time, the manner, and the murtherer,

Nor am I free from th' imputation.

*Sf.* You speake what you suspect, not what is true,

Dost speech come from the dead ? can their dry'd

Borrow a tongue for accusation ? (nerves

This is no other then the voice of Guilt,

The speech of our home-executioner :

And yet I feare--- and yet what should I feare ?

Bloud hath strange organs to discourse withall,

It is a clamorous Oratour, and then *Enter Sanse-*Even nature wil exceed her self to tell *verin, Hal-*A crime so thwarting Nature *bordeers &**Sanf.*My good Lord, *Vit.*

Pardon the zeale of my intrusion,

I bring hid danger with me : 'twas my chance

As I was passing to the bedchamber,

Iust



Iust at the doore to finde this muffled man,  
Waiting some trecherous opportunity.  
Each circumstance swell'd with suspicion,  
The place, the time, the person, all did seeme  
To beare a danger worthy of your feare,  
At least your wiser disquisition.

*Sf.* Thou art all goodnesse, and deserv'st of us  
Beyond the higgardly reward of thanks :  
But what are you that thus becloud your face,  
Who not unlike that over-bashfull fowle, *He dis-*  
Delight in darknesse? Ha! *Vitellio!* covers himselfe  
The wonder is resolv'd by a new wonder. *Ex. San.*

*Vit. Sforza* I live : doe ye stare? I live: these words  
Are not the fond delusions of the Ayre,  
As you officiously would gull your selfe;  
But from a solid substance, had not we *Ent. Sanf.*  
Bin by your diligēt spy too soon surpriz'd, *with 2*  
Before our projects full maturity, *Negroes.*  
Thy death more fully should have prov'd my life.

*Sf.* Foole that I was, who thought to take thy life  
By that which uourisht it : there's none so mad  
Would poyson Serpents, Ile worke surely now,  
Once more Ile try your immortality.  
Strangle the Monster.

*Vit.* 'Twas a doubtfull chance  
within this houre who first should own those words  
But, Tyrant, weary thy invention  
To finde variety of punishment,  
Yet all that thou canst doe, exceeds not this  
A pinne could doe as much : weake, silly *Sforza,*  
All thou canst doe to me exceeds not that  
Which I did on the person of thy Prince :  
Disease would prove a better murder.

*Sf.* Stop that malignant throat. — O my *Ascanio,*

Thus must they toyle w<sup>ch</sup> work an hight by bloud,  
 How I could wish an innocent descent  
 To new subjection? how I hate that wish! (them!  
 How scorne all thoughts that have nor danger in  
 Get us more Remora's, sweet Cardinall,  
 Or rather then to droope to Idlenesse,  
 Wee'll worke to be no Prince, our selfe re-calling:  
 In rising, most, some wit there is in falling.

---

*Scena tertia.**Cajazzo.*

**A** Ssist me, Hell, for I intend an Act,  
 Which should your puny fiends but think upon,  
 Would make their blacker cheeks receive a blush,  
 Would give a rednesse which your weaker Fire  
 Had ne're that heating pow'r to worke in them:  
 An act, the Heav'ns did onely then declare  
 They would permit to be perform'd by man  
 When they created Night: for were all Day,  
 Could such a Crime be as well seene as done,  
 Their Immortality might justly feare,  
 Lest all the guilt should be remov'd on them,  
 As Idle, or as Cruell lookers on, (night  
 Whilst heav'n on Earth did suffer: this blacke  
 Must *Isabella* dye, dye, by this hand:  
 This Chappell is her ordinary walke,  
 Discover'd to me by her *Julia*, (tombe,  
 Where when she comes to see her husbands  
 This hand shall make her fit for such a roome.

*Enter*

*Enter Isabella and Julia with two torches, she places them at either end of the Tombe, & Exit. Isabella draws towards the Tombe, and speaks.*

IF. **P**Rince of shades, (for unto me  
Still thou keep'st thy Majesty)  
If thou art not wholly lost,  
And there's something in a Ghost:  
Heare thy Isabella's vow:  
If hereafter I allow  
Of a second match, or know  
Any man, but for a foe,  
Saving him that shall ingage  
His revenge unto my rage:  
(Heare just heav'ns) may I then be  
Made another Ghost like thee,  
May I dye, and never have  
What I visit now, a Grave.

Caj. O doe not heare her Heav'n, & kill me straight  
If I dare touch her: he that sees those eyes  
And dares attempt to make those eyes not see,  
Has a blinde soule: burne clearer, you kind lights  
O doe not envy me the sight of her:  
But what's there in a sight? I must be brieft,  
If not for love, yet for ambition:  
Her Mariage makes me greater then her Death,  
And she has taught me the condition,  
Pardon, bright Angell, and returne the sword,  
Which Sforza made me sweare to sheath in you,  
Into my besome

If.

No, obey your Prince,

If you have goodnesse in you keepe your oath,  
Murther is nothing unto perjury.

*Caj.* By this faire hand you injure me, and more  
Then ever *Sforza* did : can you suppose  
(Though you had heard the vowes he forc't me to)  
I meant what I protested ? that this hand  
Which ever yet has us'd a sword for you,  
Would use it now for your destruction, (thought,  
Revoke that thought, deare Lady, that harsh  
And let not so much sweeter innocence  
Make it selfe guilty by suspition,  
Suspition of impossibilities.  
Rather command, and you shall quickly see  
That he, who would have arm'd me against you,  
Shall finde in his owne entrailes the just steele.

*If. aside.* What traps are these to catch the Innocent?  
*Sforza* I smell your project, 'tis too ranke.  
My Lord, no more : your speech is dangerous,  
I must not heare it.

*Caj.* You shall see it then :  
Doe not beleeeve me Madam till I've done,  
Till I doe bring my credit in my armes,  
The Traitors head, and when you see that time,  
Confesse you owe your life unto my crime.

*Scena quarta.*

*Picinino, Iuliano.*

*Iul.* **W**HAT will become of this declining State ?  
Can we beleeeve that the yet patient  
Will any longer suffer ? and not give (heav'n  
Destruction as notorious as our crimes,  
Awake, sterne Iustice, and unsheath thy sword,

The

The Scabberd will not heale us, but the edge,  
Nor is't enough to brandish, but to strike :  
Let then thy terrour give us innocence,  
That mildnesse may no longer injure man.

*Pic.* Why, thou perpetuall Murmurer, thou sea  
Toft with eternall tempest, thou darke sky  
VVith everlasting clouds, thou—any thing,  
VVhom, being angry I can call no more :  
Thinke better of those acts thou canst not mend.  
VVill *Sforza* be lesse bad, because thou whin'it ?  
Or dost thou thinke thy pittifull complaints  
Can beg a goodnesse of *Afcanio* ?  
I never knew that mighty use of teares,  
That they could wash away anothers fault :  
VVhen thou shalt want a teare for a fit grieve,  
*Sanseverin* will be a Coward still :  
And when thy groanes are turn'd to thy last gaspe,  
*Cajazzo* will not be lesse trecherous.

*Enter Sanseverin, with diuers suitors following him, some of  
whose bills be teares, others laughs at, others puts up. Exit.*

*Jul.* Now for thy thunder, heav'n, now now for a piece  
Of thy most eminent Artillery.

Are you still silent ? see, he teares their papers,  
Papers, perhaps, wherein they worship him,  
Give him more titles, then they give their God;  
And yet he teares them. O vast Favourite !  
Swell'd by the airy favour of thy Prince, (shine,  
Till thou halt dimm'd the light that made thee  
Till *Sforza* lesse then his *Sanseverin*.  
Tell me, good *Picimino*, does the Sunne  
Spend all his rayes upon one Continent ?  
Or have you ever seene the partiall Heav'ns  
Vpon one Acre lavish all her showres



While the rest moulder with dry barrenesse ?

*Pic.* I have not, *Juliano*, but what then ?

*Jul.* Are you to seeke for the collection ?

Why, has not *Sforza* made himselfe our Sunne ?

Are not his favours our refreshing showers ?

Why should one suck up what is due to all ?

Why is the Prince made a Monopoly ?

*Pic.* Thou mak'st me laugh at thy fond question :

What ? are not Princes men, of the same mould,

Of the same passions with inferiours ?

Doe not they feare, desire, and hate (as we)

And shall we onely hinder them from love ?

Coblers may have their friends, & why not Kings ?

Because th'are higher then the rest of men,

Shall they be therefore worse ? and therefore want

The Benefits, because they have the Rule ?

O hard condition of Majesty !

The former accusation of Kings

Has beene their cruelty, that they did hate

The people they should governe : O hard plight !

O strange perversnesse ! shall their love at length,

Their frindship be imputed as their fault ?

Would Heav'n our *Sforza* had no worse a crime.

*Enter Sanseverin againe with his traine of Suitors.*

*Jul.* You are a worthy Advocate, and here

Comes your great Patron : goe and aske your fee.

*Sanf.* This is a sawcy importunity :

You have your answer.

*1 Sutor.*

O my gracious Lord,

Looke on these scarres I gain'd in the French war,

Where I have lost my Fortunes,

*2 Sutor.*

So have I,

Scarce



Scarce left alive to tell my misery. (State

*Sanf.* You have bin drunk, and quarrell'd--must the  
Find plaisters for your broken heads?--no more--  
Nay if you'll take no answer, I must call  
Them that will drive you hence. O my tir'd eares!  
Henceforth I vow to stoppe them at your suites,  
And be as Deafe, as you are Impudent. *Exit.*

*Jnl.* Yes, do, good *Aolus*--how he blowes thē hence!  
How cleares his passage with a lusty frowne!  
And yet it may be that despised wretch (scorne  
Worne out of cloathes, and flesh, whom his high  
Would not vouchsafe once more to looke upon,  
Durst in the field doe more, then he durst see,  
Then he would there vouchsafe to looke upon,

*Pic.* As if that Valour were the onely praise,  
And none were to be lov'd, but they that fight :  
Where were we then? what would become of us?  
Thou think'st it paradox, but is most true,  
A Souldier is the greatest enemy,  
Of whom the Common-wealth can be afraid,  
Preferre you which you please; yet unto them  
Which are the sole Physitians of State,  
Who with the teeming of a pregnant braine,  
Search the diseases and the remedies,  
Valour is nothing but a desp'rate vice,  
And there's no safety, but in cowardice.

---

*Scena quinta.*

*Sforza, Ascanio, Malvezzo.*

*Sf.* **VV**E are not man, for such an empty thing  
Could not have this solidity of joy :

Say

Say the French King is dead, and say withall  
We are immortall, and ones happy truth  
Shall expiate for the others flattery.

But speake the maner too as well, as death. (world,  
*Asc.* When now his gadding thoughts had won the  
And *Italy* was to be taken in  
But onely as an easie seat, from whence  
He might deriue his further victories;  
*Ottoman* quak'd, & 'twas in chance, if now (Turks  
New Rome, should be new French, and the proud  
Be brought to know what their beginnings were :  
When Fortune had advanc'd him to that height,  
That growne forgetfull of a lowly tombe,  
He rear'd huge Pyramides, and troubled Art  
To match his fancy with magnificence  
Fit for a conqu'ring builder, who had learnt  
To ruine first, and then to build a City,  
When Marbles were to be inricht with wounds,  
And cut for their advancement: the Heav'ns sport,  
He rais'd competitors to dare the Heav'ns :  
Nor dreames his owne descent into low Earth.

*Sf. Ascanio*, you make him live too long,  
Tell how he di'd, without more circumstance.

*Asc.* He went (such was his use) to see the play  
At Tennis court, when by his trembling *Queene*  
He sanke into halfe-death : thence he's convey'd  
To the next roome, where on a couch of straw,  
As if a downe-bed were too soft for him,  
Whom rottenesse attended, and the grave,  
That harder lodging of Mortality,  
A King, a conqu'ring youthfull King expires.  
Thrice from deaths slumbers he awak't to speake,  
Thrice did he cry to heav'n, unto deafe heav'n,

And

And after nine houres death he dy'd.

Sf. I find

A certaine grumbling against Fortune here :

Which that I may whet to a lively rage,

Repeat *Malvezzo* her last trechery

Against the French, and Neapolitan.

*Mal.* Naples now wonne, and the unstable French

(As if they were afraid of their owne lucke)

Ridiculously leaving what th'ad wonne;

The Deputy was *Mompenseer*, a man

Of an high birth, but of unequall deeds.

For when yong *Ferdinand* with some few boates

(Which onely feare might make a Navy of,

And nothing but the strength of cowardize

Could possibly judge strong) approacht the shoare,

As if the poore Prince once more had desier'd

Onely to see his ancient government,

And therefore had adventur'd to the Sea,

The Sea was in the City, for ne're was

Such a confusion in the vulgar waves,

All cry a *Ferdinand*, a *Ferdinand*,

Ev'n those who latley banisht *Ferdinand* :

Part ope the gates to him, and part shut up

The French into the Cattadells, where he

Besiegeth his once Conquerors.

Sf. Tis true

Not the world onely, but a man's a ball,

VVill Fortune never leave her tossing him ? (want,

*Mal.* VVhether their owne neglect forc'd them to

Or want to yeeld, 'tis doubted : but they yeeld :

Thus as in triviall sports we oft have scene

After too tedious inconstancy,

The Corke returns to him that strucke it first,

So in this fatall revolution,

For-

Fortune gives *Naples* unto him againe,  
 Whom she first injur'd in the taking it.  
*Sf.* VVho hearing this would not erect his soule  
 To a contempt of Fortune 'that blind wretch  
 VVhom onely sottishnesse hath deifi'd?  
 Man hath a nobler Godhead in himselfe,  
 His vertue and his wisdom, unto these  
 Bend all our knees, let us still honour these:  
 And count it comfort in our lowest state,  
 He that is wise, would not be fortunate *Exit.*

## Actus quarti

### *Scena prima.*

*Sforza, Ascanio, Cajazzo, Sanseverin, a Boy.*

*Sf.* WE leave it to your care, *Sanseverin*; (*Lords, Ex.*)  
 But see, the night grows old, good rest my  
 VVhy stayst thou, my *Aurelio*? good boy  
 Ile see no bed to night, then goe, yet stay,  
 If they have not escap'd thy memory  
 Sing me those verses which you made to sleepe.

Song.

HOW I laugh at their fond wish  
 whose desire  
 aymes no higher  
 Then the bayts of *Midas* dish?  
 VVhat is Gold but yellow durt?  
 which th'unkind  
 heavens refin'd

VVhen

VWhen they made us love our hurt.  
VVould to heav'n that I might sleepe  
my faint eyes  
in the wise,  
In the gentle dew of sleepe ?  
VWhole effects doe pose us so,  
that we deeme  
it does seeme  
Both Deathes brother and his foe.  
This does alwayes with us keepe,  
and being dead  
that's not fled ,  
Death is but a longer sleepe.

*Sf.* Pretty Philosophy ! goe boy, goe sleepe, *Ex.*  
Enjoy the good thou sing'st—this boy can sleepe,  
Sleepe quietly, and sing himselfe a sleepe :  
Making that gentle Rest unto his Song.  
But Ile goe read : what have we here ? a Map ?  
VWelcome thou lively picture of the world :  
Now Ile peruse my large Dominions,  
VWhat a vast compasse they doe fill in thee ?  
How Poe is wearied with his tedious course,  
But running onely through our Continent ?  
Ha ! where is Poe ? which is our Continent ?  
If that my eyes deceive me not, I see  
My Empire is compriz'd within my nayle :  
VWhat a poore point I me Master of ? a blot  
Made by the swiftest tincture of the Inke ?  
But what did this point cost me ? this small blot ?  
My innocence, my conscience, my soule;  
I kill'd a Nephew, to obtaine this blot ?  
O horrid purchase ! all this toyle, this guilt  
For so despis'd a Nothing ? let me see,

Here



Here is no roome to sit, to walke, to stand,  
 In all my land I cannot place my selfe,  
 Nor be at all, where I would be the Duke,  
 But the sad tapers doe deny their light,  
 And stranger fire supplies an horrid day  
 Of Lightning: help us, heav'n, make us cōfess,  
 There is a Power in your Mercy too.

*Ascendit Umb. Gale.*

*Umb.* Is then a time, when all our time is spent  
 That thou of us shouldst feare a punishment?  
 O happy purchas'd privacy! to have  
 The free possession of an humble grave,  
 VVu't poyson us from that? why startst thou so?  
 VVe doe not shunne a kinsman, but a foe:  
 Beleeve it *Sforza*, I am a neer ghost,  
 Nor is our kindred by thy murther lost:  
 Rayse thy cheer'd looke, see *Galeazzo* here:  
 Traitor, and coward, does thy faint breast feare  
 The shadow, which is made? or is a soule  
 Vncloath'd of Earth, more abled to controule  
 Him that uncloath'd it! Then I see to dye  
 Is more to right then suffer injury.  
 Know I am still thy prince, and if that man  
 In such a Miracle of villaine can  
 At last be found, in this thy manhood show  
 That thou darst heare thy doome of overthrow.

*Sf.* Villaine be dumbe: we are too tamely mild  
 That dead men dare affront us, assume flesh,  
 And we will make a second ghost of thee.

*Umb.* Thy threats are Ayre, like us: but to goe on:  
 In curse; now that thy wisdom hopes upon  
 A joy in unmolested royalty,  
 Now shalt thou have onely a certainty  
 Of high unhappinesse, and be undone,

*Losing*



Losing thy rule no better then twas wonne.  
Fetters shall bind thy legs, not Crownes thy head,  
And as a curst beast is prohibited  
From common shew, so thou, of beasts the worst,  
Must die imprison'd, and, what's most accurst,  
Obey to death, all comforts tane away,  
Rob'd of the light, and the sweet heav'n of day :  
Then flatter not thy miseries, to know  
Is not to hinder Fate, fall shalt thou low,  
Sinke to despaire, despaire to nought, and dye,  
Then lower fall, and then as low as I. *Disce. Umb.*  
*Sf.* Sinke into earth, and doe not reach thy hell,  
Propheticke bubble: might thy threats prove true,  
For we could wish the death that thou foretell'st  
That our feirce shadow might pursue thee still,  
To fright thy Ghost to nothing: O weake Heav'n !  
VVas this a terror for a man ? to send  
A Bug-beare, fram'd out of the empty Ayre.  
This does confirme, not fright us: this might be  
A terror to my picture, not to me.

---

*Scena secunda.*

*Caiazzo.*

*Cai.* I T must succeed : Fortune may shew her spite,  
Her pow'r she cannot, in the houre I'me made  
A Princes Lord, or murderer : I've plac'd  
Close at the outward doore, *Sanseverin*,  
That if successe doe crowne my hopes, his cares  
May give me safety, with my happinesse,  
That I be not surpris'd : but if I faile  
I have injoynd him on the noyse he heares,  
Straight to go call the Duke, & enter hither. *Ent.*  
Madame, tis done : and now the guilty head *If.*  
(VVhich

(VVhich whilst it stood, made all to feare their  
VVho durst affirme it did usurp a crown,) (heads,  
Most humbly bends, and offers it to you.

*If.* VVhich I accept : but for no other end  
Then to revenge his death, base wretch on thee :  
If that head be not planted there, 't shall off :  
You shall injoy your Masters death

*Caj.* How's this ?  
Is this a love tricke, Lady ? I had thought  
After your thanks parted twixt heav'n and me,  
You would with greedinesse have giv'n you selfe  
To him that gave you your desires :

*If.* Fond thought!  
Dost thinke Ide love a man that kills a man ?  
Make him my Prince, who hath dispatcht his owne ?  
VVas Treason euer Preface unto love ?  
Hadst thou monopoliz'd perfection,  
And shar'd a thousand *Cupids* in each eye :  
I would contemne the proudest of their shafts,  
And give thee onely what is due, Disdaine.

*Caj.* Youle urge me to just vengeance ; doe you heare  
Madam ingratitude, quickly professe  
That this harsh language was but a wise baite,  
To make him faster, who was sure before,  
Or I professe Ile joyne your death with his  
VVith thy loath'd *Sforza*.

*If.* I beleeeve thee now  
And trust me, so beleeeve, that I could thanke thee,  
I love thy cruelty, though not thy person.

*Caj.* Hath death so little horror ? well Ile doe  
VVhat shall inforce you to desire a death.  
This pónyards point shall naile thee to the earth  
Strucke through thy armes : where doe not hope  
A noble ravisher, my swarty slaves, (upon  
Slaves

Slaves hated of their fellow- Black a mores,  
Shall on thy Honors ruine tyre their Lust,  
And kill thee in thy loathfull suffering. *Ent. Sforz.*  
What dare you struggle? *Sanseverin.*

*If.* A rape, a rape. *Belgiosa.*

*Caj.* O my good Lord, you come in such a time  
As I could wish for, for this houre or more  
This wicked woman hath beene wooing me,  
To murder your most sacred Majesty,  
And for reward hath promis'd me herselfe,  
Together with the Duchy: my good Lord,  
In detestation of such trechery,  
I gave her some harsh answers, with which mov'd,  
She us'd a womans craft, and cry'd a Rape.

*Sf.* Is this truth, *Isabella*? see, shee's dumbe:  
Have I then liv'd to have you seeke my death?  
A Cosin-Traitor? yet you shall not dy,  
Nor know another prison then my Court;  
I love to see my Murtherer: O heav'ns!  
Why, should I feare to kill her? yet tis reason:  
Who is no true Prince, can ne'er punish treason.

*Caj.* And I shall take you at your word, deare *Sf.* *Ex.*

---

*Scena tertia.*

*Juliano, Picinino.*

*Pic.* **I**T cannot be, good *Julian*, no more:  
I doe not love these over-earnest dreames.  
The French invade us? when their jolly King  
With limber staves does onely mocke a warre,  
VVhich like so many reeds against a stone,

F

Punish

Punish their owne attempt with their owne ruine,  
 Breaking themselves, not armors : when we know  
 The Court is lost in Maskes, reality  
 Is so farre fled since the last victory,  
 That we may thinke the Court it selfe a maske.  
 Æternall Musicke, revells without end  
 Tire the too-much delighted souldier,  
 Whose armes have now forgot their ancient use,  
 His spirits onely active in his heeles,  
 And canst thou thinke theyle dance to *Italy*?

*Jul.* I've heard some tell that a great City once  
 Was built by Musicke: would we might not find  
 Our Country to be ruin'd by a dance :  
 O feare the toying of an enemy.

*Pic.* What cannot be beleev'd, cannot be fear'd,

*Jul.* Youle not beleeve, not you, till the French swords  
 Dive to the bottome of your doubting heart,  
 Till that th'unkinder newes is brought so neere,  
 You cannot have the power to beleeve it. *Ent. San-*  
*Can you beleeve this is a drum that beates ? sever.*  
 That this is the couragious Generall *wirh*  
 Can you beleeve, that he beleevs 'tis true ? *sould.*

*Pic.* But who assists us in this dreadfull time ?

*Jul.* As many as we have deserv'd : not one :  
*Sforza* has too much wisdom to have friends.

*Pic.* And we have too much—I said nothing, did I ?  
 I did not speake against the State, I hope ?  
 Nor said that we had too much patience ?

*Jul.* Is *Picinino* then overcome at last,  
 Now I could change my sorrow for a smile.

*Pic.* I must confesse an anger though not grieve :  
 O how I love to fit me to mischance !

And whē that has no reason, thē I'me mad. (swords  
 Why should our *Millan* blood staine the French

Vnto

Vnto a glory? *Sforza* does offend,  
Deny's the heav'nly pow'rs, or names them then,  
When lte does dare them with bold perjury,  
Loades his blacke soule with murder of a man  
That could have made his execution, justice.

This *Sforza* does, but what is this to me?  
Why shall this throat be cut for his? why thine?  
Why shall our Countreyes ruine fill his penance?  
The heav'ns doe know no meane, but either wast  
Their benefits on dull ingratitude  
Or throw away their thunder, so it hit,  
So it not faile, they care not whom it strike,  
Whether the guilty, or the innocent.

*Jul.* This is a grieve of higher fault then mine,  
You make a warre with them you should appease,  
And vrge the heav'ns to our calamities.  
First we were punisht with, and now for *Sforza*,  
Could any justice have more method in't.

*Pic.* Well *Julian*, I'm sorry for my grieve,  
And so perswade thee to that holy truth,  
I now could rave against my selfe, not heav'n,  
But tis as fruitlesse, as to wish good lucke:  
Then let the French presse upon victory,  
Let them amaze the Ayre with stranger fire,  
Rais'd by our Cities flaming Funeralls,  
Swell they the Poe with blood, act o'r, what ere  
Has beene the brag of royall murderers,  
Yet our defence is here: Fortune may faile  
But our true soules shall never, we may lose  
An aged life, but not *Eternity*:  
And with this strength the field must needs be ours.  
Who doe not feare, doe beate the Conquerors.



## Scena quarta.

Sforza, Ascanio. A Guard.

*Sf.* **V**What noyse is this that from a forraign foe  
 Recalls our anger? yet our purer hands  
 Know not the dy of blood : we should be loath  
 To learne a valour on our subjects first.

*1 Nun.* The people now have rav'd to quietnesse:  
 But till that *Landriano*, whom you us'd  
 About the last taxation, was become  
 Their rages sacrifice, I durst have sworne  
 The French were in the City.

*2 Nun.* This sad houre  
 (I'me sorry that you heare this truth from me)  
 Your Duchesse is departed.

*Sf.* VVhither villaine? (French,

*2 Nun.* To that free Crown, where she shall feare no  
 To Heav'n.

*Sf.* O envious heav'n ! why doe you give  
 Men such hard precepts of mortality,  
 And take them hence before that they can learne ?  
 Must not she live, because she liv'd too well ?  
 Alas my wife !

*Asc.* Alas my sister, ô !

*Sf.* VVho dar'd that groane? good Cardinall, no more,  
 I know not what I could deny to thee :

Take to thee all for what the French so toyle,  
 But kindly leave my grieve unto my selfe,

*3 Nun.* Pardon, my Lord, ill Fortunes eloquence,  
 Vnlesse you heare you cannot cure your harmes,  
 The French, now enter'd *Lombardy*, sat downe  
 Before *Valenza* : where the mouth of Death,

The



The thundring Canon being scarcely brought,  
But just presented to the yet sound wall,  
Discovered there was some what more unsound :  
For *Rattagnino*, the false Governour  
Entreats a Parly, gives away the strength, (them,  
Sweares the towne French, and gives the key to  
VVith which they open *Lombardy*.

*Sf.* My fact;  
None can be guilty of this crime, but I :  
That after Treason durst againe trust treason,  
This very man, whose easie heart relents  
At a French death, and wisely is afraid  
His manners might be call'd in question,  
If he should put them off to sue againe,  
To aske the second time, for what he held :  
Out of his zeale to vertue, and good lucke,  
Did the like act for us, & gave a strength *Ent Mal.*  
W<sup>ch</sup> alour Duchy never could have forc't. wounded  
VVhat more revolting yet?

*Mal.* O my good Lood!  
I feare this is beyond Addition.  
O my blood failes me, but my tongue does more,  
Fearing the story that it must relate.  
Your Army being parted, and this halfe  
*Cajazzo* leading, that *Sanseverin*,  
My troops did fall amongst the French mens scouts;  
From whom we learn't their numbers, & intents,  
To march with speed for *Millan* : this sad newes  
VVe sent to Count *Cajazzo*, with advice,  
That he would instantly rejoyne with us,  
To stop their further entrance : he pretends  
That the *Venetians* hemming in his campe  
Have made his danger greater : yet he moves,  
Makes to the river, and when now our thoughts

Had left their wav'ring, and did seeme assur'd  
 His actions would be better then his words,  
 I saw, O misery that ere I saw !  
 That crossing o'r the Po he did embrace  
 Those men which he in duty should have kill'd:  
 (O tis this kills me, not my want of blood)  
 I in just anger set upon the Reare,  
 And after many vaine attempts, have brought  
 My carkasse, to intreat for my revenge.

*Sf.* This is conspiracy : *Cajazzo* false ?

Tell me that contradictions then are true,  
 Tell me the heav'ns no more doe travell now  
 Being growne inconstant to their motion :  
 Or that the Earth pursue with too long ease  
 Would with a walke at length refresh her selfe :  
 Tell me that Princes may be fortunate,  
 Those that like me are credulous : or if  
 You'd speake of things more hard to be beleev'd,  
 Tell me, there are, that birth of feare, call'd Gods,  
 And if they be, that they doe thinke of Man :  
 Tell me, O prethee tell me somewhat else,  
 Or I shall thinke thee false, and not *Cajazzo*,  
 But I do know thee true, know thy wounds true.  
 And must conclude *Cajazzo* is most fals. *Ent. SAN.*

*Sanf.* To be o'recome, my Lord, is wretched chance.  
 But not to fight at all will be thought crime,  
 I n're durst thinke so to surviue ill lucke  
 As to become the fatall messenger  
 But I must say, I durst not fight, and more,  
 I must intreat your cowardize, your foes  
 Are strengthened with your Army (ô pardon me  
 Let me not tell you how) and all our troopes  
 Have no pow'r left us but for a safe flight.

*Sf.* I did expect this : was not man at first

Plac'd

Plac'd on this curious Theater, to see  
How he could act all parts : doe we not know  
What we can feare is nothing ? providence  
Long since hath spent our feare; for a wise man,  
When he does found his happinesse, forecasts  
Mischiefs, that Fate had never practiz'd yet,  
Which if they happen, if they prove too true,  
They meet, not overtake him, and so find  
A scorne, because a preparation.  
I knew it might be thus, though I not fear'd,  
And know it may be better, though not hope :  
Yet let us ne'r despaire, nor by low thoughts  
Excuse Fate for her present injury,  
And when once more her favours we shall feele,  
Then say, that Fortune has no standing wheele.

---

*Scena quinta.*

*Enter at one doore, Triulcio, Aubeny, Cajazzo :  
at the other, some Senators of Millan, who deli-  
ver the keyes of the City.*

*Sen.* WE here preset you with our keys, great Lords,  
Yet doe not thinke us cowards, who doe part  
So easily with that, which if we pleas'd  
We might, in spight of force, as easily keepe :  
We know your right, justice does ope these gates,  
And not your swords, nor our disloyalty;  
We leave a Traytor that hath first left us,  
And now are glad to entertaine our Prince.

*Trin.* Is he fled then ? O our unhappy sloath !  
Why ranne we not as well as we did fight ?  
Are Cowards swifter then their Conquerors.

*Above as in the Cittadell appear Isabella,  
and Julia.*

*If.* Doe not dissuade me, *Julia*, 'tis true  
I may escape, but whither? all is lost,  
In *Naples* we find *France*, as well as here.  
O who'od endure the tyranny of hope,  
That could so quickly gaine a liberty?  
If I but fall I'm free; ô *Julia*,  
The greatest distance twixt my blisse, and me,  
Reacheth no farther then to the next earth.  
Can I behold in a perplexed flight  
(Of which I know no comfort, and no end)  
This my sweet infant crying for the food,  
Which I'm uncertaine where to beg for him?  
No, Ile descend, and if the greedy French  
Will have our blood with our dominiõs, *She comes*  
Yet I shall joy to have a speedy end *down with*  
And call a nimble enemy, a friend. *some souldiers.*

*Tri.* VVhat answer from the Cittadell? once more  
Give them a summons, if they yeeld not then *Ent.*  
Give an assault. *Isabella*

*If.* You shall not need my Lords, (have  
VVhat you could wish you have, most cheapely  
The conquest of a woman; and a child.  
I'me *Isabella*, (let not that sad name  
Be ominous to conquerors,) and this  
This Pretty Infant, is my lucklesse child, (prey.  
Borne Prince of that, which you have made your  
VVhy doe you one consult anothers face,  
As you would see, who could be cruell first?  
Be not at all, or if at all, to me.

O doe not warre with infants! can these hands  
Deserve your feare or anger? these weake hands  
That cannot reach themselves unto their teat?

VVho

Who have so much of yong infirmity,  
They cannot lift themselves to ask you mercy ?  
O let them have, because they cannot aske.  
How many dismall accidents may chance  
To take him hence, before he grow to man,  
And so excuse, and yet fulfill your purpose ?  
O let disease be cruell, and not you.

*Tri.* Madam, you shall be honourably us'd,  
You, and your faire sonne: take your liberty (Lord,  
To chuse your owne free course : for this yong  
He must to *France* with us, where he shall learne  
The good of royall education :  
Where he shall know the happy difference  
Betweene a petty, and a kingly Court.  
Some waite upon the Princeesse.

*If.* O my starres !  
What have I done ? ay me. I have betrayd,  
What Tyranny had left me, my sweet boy,  
For whom I never knew a griefe; till now;  
I brought him forth with pleasure, when I thinke  
Vpon this paine of parting: my deare child,  
O too too like thy mother: if thou chance  
To draw thy self unto that hated length,  
That thou arrive to the discretion  
To know, what by my folly, thou hast lost,  
Call it no more, o doe not call it crime,  
No mother willingly would lose a sonne :  
Whilst in some darker cell I will intombe  
Thy ruines cause, where whatsoever teare  
Sorrow did once force, now devotion shall :  
That my new name unto the heav'ns may reach  
Whom misery the way to blisse did teach. *Exit.*

*Tri.* Nevvertill now had we the victory,  
And now no single one, this happy houre

Has



Has gain'd a conquest for Posterity.  
 They may be idle now, now the French youth  
 May grow up without wounds, & at their homes,  
 Steale to a private grave, no more being forc't  
 To death, though by a glory; nay this Land  
 May thanke us, for our thrift of victory,  
 For lighting on this blest occasion,  
 Which makes us need no more to conquer them:  
 If heav'n continue us this kindnesse still,  
 Wee'll measure out our conquests by our will,

---

## Actus Quinti

### *Scena prima.*

*Sforza, Ascanio, Sanseverin.*

*Sf.* **O** What is man? and all that happinesse  
 That puffes him to security? to day  
 One acts a Prince, and swell'd with Majesty  
 Fills a proud throne, from whence the Multitude  
 Thinkes he rules Fortune too, as well as them,  
 Whilst she in just esteeme of her owne name,  
 Makes him forgot, or odious, that none  
 Can be so miserably fool'd, to wish  
 His well-apparell'd misery: thus we  
 That did enjoy beyond a Crowne, a braine  
 Able to meet, or challenge the worst chance:  
 Yet in the space of a few dayes, a space  
 Of too short lasting to expell a man  
 (By the most subtle fetches of the Law)  
 Out of a false inheritance: we lost,  
 We were expell'd out of a Monarchy;  
 But does Fate make a stand at this? O no,  
 She is not constant, no not in her curse,  
 But giving most againe, which once was mine

She



She gives me too the capability  
Of a new curse.

*Asc.* Of a new joy : for shame  
Give thanks at least for your felicity :  
Can you repine being cramm'd, and so deserve  
A bountifull unhappinesse ? I've knowne  
Some that have long endur'd a tedious siege,  
Or a more tedious sicknesse, who have beene  
Forst to a lasting Lent, when they have come  
Or to their health, or to their liberty,  
Not dare to take the nourishment they might,  
Making themselves their sicknesse, and their foe :  
Is not my *Sforza* one of these ? you grieve  
Because you have no longer cause to grieve.

*Sanf.* O I doe feare your griefe, that it does glance  
With a most undeserv'd disgrace at me;  
As if I were a kinne unto the fault  
Of my false brother : O repeate that thought,  
It is no great thing I request you to,  
But trust unto the faith that you have found.  
Would I betray, and follow you ? d'ye thinke,  
I'de be so mad to buy my banishment ?  
No man would be unprofitably false,  
Nor I for any profit : speake your selfe  
If I have left you, when your Fortune did ?  
Nay, then my love was greatest, when you least,  
I was your subject, when you were no Prince.

*Sf. Sanseverin,* thy feare is too too fond,  
And like the people, the Authoritie,  
Who make an impious confusion  
Of an high birth, and of an higher crime :  
Who in a sawey thwarting to their Prince,  
Count him still worst, whom he has made the best,  
As if we gave him, with his honors, crimes,

And

And made him vicious, when fortunate.  
 No, let them spend their breath in idle talke;  
 Count thee or trecherous, or cowardly;  
 Whilst to thy *Sforza* thou art still the same,  
 Most valiant, and with thy valour, wise,  
 That by thy abstinence a while from warre,  
 Hast sav'd us forces for a victory.

*Sans.* The Subjects life lies in the Princes voice :  
 Now you have cleer'd me I dare hasten warre,  
 And with more enemies, then cowards feare :  
 That you may see, by my neglect of blood,  
 (Which I shall onely love when shed for you)  
 How slaunder was my most fear'd enemy.

*Sf.* No more, my dearest friend : we lose all time  
 Which we do save from fight; still there does flocke  
 New forces to our Army, and the French  
 Are now as much amaz'd, as proud before :  
 We lately tooke the Swizzers into pay,  
 Those that dare sell their lives to any cause,  
 Whom Gold hath arm'd for me : if they proceed  
 In their first heat, we winne : but if they faile  
 We cannot be more wretched then we were :  
 The vilest chance of lucke can make us know  
 But an Addition to an Overthrow.

*Scena secunda.*

*The Captaine of the Swizzers, with a Souldier, as a  
 fugitive from the French.*

*Soul.* **N**OW w'are alone I dare reveale my selfe,  
 I am not what I seeme, a Fugitive,  
 But one that from *Trinlcio* doe bring

Letters

Letters that much concerne you.

Capt.

What? to me?

Letters unto his enemy? let's see: *Ex. Soul.*

Expect an answer in my Tent.—What's here?

Letter.

**T**Hou Man of Action, whom th' Italians  
 Feele their Achilles, both to wound & heale:  
 Triulcio salutes thee: what is past,  
 As past recall he will not mention,  
 But for the future this; you ayda man,  
 From whom you cannot any way expect  
 Reward, or Honour, such his poverty  
 Both in desert, and meanes; but against whom?  
 I will not urge they are your Countrymen,  
 Partakers of the same sweet soyle with you,  
 Who onely differ in their better choice:  
 Yet so farre doe I prize your worth, to thinke,  
 You have not put off Nature, nor have chang'd  
 With your home-ayre your home-affections,  
 That you are still a Swizzer: thinke of this,  
 And that at other times twere shame to flye,  
 Now onely flight shewes Magnanimity.

Triulcio.

What shall I doe? O I am lost in doubt,  
 Nor know, what to refuse, or what to grant.  
 Shall then the Swizzers to their valour adde  
 A tainture of disloyaltie? to whom?  
 Who can accuse us for our trechery?  
 One that has patroniz'd it by his act:  
 That hath betraied his Nephew: shall a man  
 Be counted trecherous; that betrayes vice?  
 It was a crime to aide him, can it be  
 A crime to leave him too? O paradox!

Resolve

Resolve me Goodnesse what tis best to doe :  
 And that does whisper a dislike : for what,  
 What goodnesse can there be in civill warre ?  
 When we shall kill them that were borne with us,  
 When we shall make the Father dye his sword  
 In the sonnes blood, and strangely give a death  
 To him, to whom he kindly gave a life,  
 When the mixt blood of the same Family  
 Shall make a cruell incest : this we doe  
 If we are honest : Ile learne treason first,  
 And the most accurate sinne. *Trinlcio,*  
 Our Country calls us, and not thou, To be  
 Dishonest then is the best honesty. *Ex.*

*Scena tertia.*

*Picininio in his study, with a Deaths head & a Watch.*

*Pic.* **T**HIS is the summe, I can but be like this.  
 After the prouder threatning of the French,  
 After the sure impression of Diseases  
 I can but be like this : then let me thinke  
 What losse I have when I am made like this :  
 This feares no French : a peece of ordinance  
 Can breake, but not astonish this, no force  
 Can draw a teare, no not a sigh from hence :  
 And can it be a losse to be like this ?  
 O Death why art thou fear'd ? why doe we thinke  
 Tis such a horrid terror Not to Be ?  
 Why, not to be, is, not to be a wretch,  
 Why ? not to be, is, to be like the heav'ns,  
 Not to be subject to the pow'r of Fate :  
 O there's no happines but not to be. *to the Watch.*  
 But

But thou discloser of the stealth of Time,  
Let me inquire howmuch is worne away  
Of this sad houre : the halfe ? O speedy time !  
That makst us feeble, ere we can thinke of Age,  
Ere we can take an order for the Grave. *Ent. Jul.*

*Jul.* What? deepe in meditation, noble friend ?  
So studious of your Watch ? alas good man,  
Thou needst not this faint helpe to guesse at Fate,  
These silver haire are watch enough for thee.

*Pic.* I onely looke how many minutes hence  
*Millan* expires.

*Jul.* O swift Arithmeticke,  
To summe by minutes our sad Duchies age.

*Pic.* This Watch doth teach reall Philosophy,  
There is no tutor to this active brasse :  
What is a Kingdome, but a larger watch ?  
Wound up by Fate unto some scores of yeares,  
And then it falls : good *Juliano* list,  
Harke how it beats, how strongly and how fast,  
Beyond the motion of a nimble pulse.  
Who would not thinke this were a lasting noise ?  
And yet it endes : after some date of houres  
The watch will be as silent as the head.  
O tis our folly, folly my deare friend,  
Because we see th'activity of States,  
To flatter them with false Eternity :  
Why longer then the dweller lasts the house ?  
Why should the world be alwayes, and not man ?  
Sure Kingdomes are as mortall as their Kings,  
And stay but longer for their period,

*Jul.* I feare our Climactericall is now :  
When all professions turne to souldier,  
To that curst Art that thrives by Destiny.  
The sithes are straighted into swords. and th'Earth  
Being



Being not wounded is undone, where once  
 Stood buildings, which an humble Poetry  
 VVithout too bold a swelling might give Kings :  
 VVhole Mines undone to beautifie one rooffe,  
 Now onely Desolation dwels : weake griefe,  
 To say Corne growes, where once a City stood,  
 That sustenance is there where no men are,  
 This is a trifling, and halfe misery :  
 Our Lands now onely furnish us with Graves,  
 Can hide us, but not feed us; we would thinke  
 Our Cities standing, though the buildings fell,  
 If we had no griefe, but Fertility.

*Pic.* But on what strength does *Sforza* still subsist  
 Against so powerfull foes ?

*Jul.* The Emperor  
 Has sold him some few Almaines, but his hopes  
 Chiefly depend upon the valiant Switze,  
 VVho were the chiefe in his depression.

*Pic.* Has his grosse braine not learnt the danger yet  
 Of bringing strangers into *Italy* ?  
 He call'd the French to *Naples*, who have now ;  
 Found *Millan* too : O what's the difference  
 Betwixt a mercenary and a foe,  
 But that we kill one for his outrages,  
 And hyre the other ? *Juliano*, I  
 May feele misfortune, but will never buy. *Ex.*

*Scena quarta.*

*Sforza, Sanseverin.*

*Sanf.* **T**He French are mighty, and portentously  
 Rise by their fall: strong shame begets a rage,  
 And a disdain, that you whom they expell'd  
 Should



Should hazard their expulsiō, makes them hazard,  
What ere being ventur'd, addes a fame to Man,  
And gives a glory to his misery.

They are so farre from the base feare of death,  
That they embrac't, and like those fiercer cures,  
That spend their anger on the senselesse stone  
Not daring to attempt on him that threw,  
They with a senselesse anger breake the darts  
That naile them to the Earth, as if they scorn'd  
Their killer should survive them : other lets,  
As heat, or hunger are their exercise :

That one would thinke they'd lost all part of man  
When they did meane to shew the best : my Lord,  
I wish a swift, but love a certaine conquest :

I thinke twere wisdōe to protract the fight. know,  
*Sf.* I know thou speakst what thou thinkst best : but  
Tis wisdome to delay on equall fame :

But when a foe has wonne opinion,  
Which drawes all eyes, and hearts to him, O then  
A valiant desperation fits a man :

For victory is not impossible,  
And honour necessary : my best friend,  
Call forth our Swizzers, and if happy swords  
Though few, may cut a way to glory, come : *Ent. Capt*  
The purchase is above the pains : but here *with Swiz.*  
Come they that shall fill histories : brave friends  
Now is the time we shall imploy your swords,  
And teach the world your valour.

*Capt* You may faile :

Tis better to be wise : *Sforza*, I'm come  
To take my leave of you, nor shall much breath  
Be spent in ceremoniall complement,  
I am the French Kings souldier.

*Sf.*

Speake low,

G

Let

Let not the ayre feele such a treason, know  
 There is a pow'r above us, and that pow'r  
 Thunders sometimes, I know, thou darst not stand  
 In contestation with the pow'r of heav'n :  
 Revoke thy words.

*Cap.* Ile doe no miracles :  
 My voice and faith are past.

*Sf.* Yes they are past :  
 Thou art made up all of disloyalty,  
 Reason hath nothing of thee : yet relate  
 (If thou hast any reliques left of sense,  
 Ile not conjure thee by strange Honesty)  
 Why dost thou leave the heav'ns, and us, and so  
 For nothing, dost commit a double Treason ?

*Cap.* Ile satisfie you thus, you see I do't :  
 Strike up a march.

*Sf.* Yet stay : what is the price  
 That makes thee trecherous, Ile turne prodigall  
 To buy thee to a vertue : stay : be rich,  
 Without a curse, without a fault.

*Cap.* Tis vaine,  
 I'me deafe to Rhetoricke : yet sayth'ast met  
 With a good perjurer, my word is past,  
 And to be twice a traytor, is a fault  
 No sorrow can attene for : yet thus farre  
 Ile straine my selfe to please thee, tis well knowne,  
 Vnlesse you get unto *Ascanio*,  
 Your hopes are at the last, but betweene you  
 And him, the French have interpos'd themselves,  
 Nothing remaines but that you trust to me,  
 And in a Swizzers coat disguise your selfe,  
 That yon may passe their Army.

*Sf.* O hard strait,  
 Must *Sforza* impotently hide himselfe ?

Or

Or can a Prince be hid? I have oft heard  
 Sparkes of Divinity adorne his face,  
 To cleare him from the multitude: why then,  
 Then being a Prince will make us be no Prince,  
 We being betray'd by our owne Majesty.  
 Yet off, ye envy'd robes, fall to the Earth,  
 O fall so low, that henceforth Man may scorne  
 The labour of descent to take you up:  
 On, on, ye happy robes, that like good clouds  
 Do not obscure, but for a time defend  
 The threatned Sunne, that he may after shine  
 With higher vigour: I have heard of some, crimes,  
 That weare their flesh with hairecloth for their  
 As thinking to be good if they were rough,  
 By such a wilde repentance: be it so, *Exit Tri.*  
 These robes offered, that there is an hope withal  
 These ragges may expiate heav'n *Exe*

Tri.

Brave souldier

How we rejoyce we may embrace at last,  
 Not with arm'd hands, without the guilt & shame  
 Of civill murder: but are these the troupes  
 That now must learne to use their valour well,  
 To give a death without a prodigy?  
 A conqu'ring cheerfulness adorne their face.  
 These are not common souldiers: looke you pale:  
 Then I must know the mystery.

Cap.

I'me betray'd.

Tri. Yea I know all, but yet from thy forc'd tongue  
 Will I extract confession; fetch a racke,  
 To make him howle the truth he will not speake

Cap. I can dare torments for wise honesty,  
 But when you know as much as I can tell.  
 Should I conceale't, all policy would judge,  
 I did deserve the worst that I endur'd:

Who told you this was *Sforza*?

*Sf.*

O my braine!

Must subtletie perish by subtlety?

And our high wisdom find a Conqueror?

Make an end Nature, the great worke is done,

*Sforza* is over-reacht—weake, childish rage:

Is this to lessen, or make misery:

Can passion loose us, or a courteous teare

Wash off our fetters? if it can, poure eyes,

Poure out wet comfort; if it can, refuse

The curse of slumber, but it cannot, then

Covet a slumber everlastingly,

And be like me, imprison'd in your lids.

Convey us quickly hence, kind friends, you know

*Sforza* can never be a prisoner here,

Convey us thither where we are no Prince.

And must we wooe our Ruine? never man

Is a true wretch, but when he loseth all,

And wants the sad Election of his fall.

*Scena ultima.*

*Juliano, Picinino.*

*Jul.* I Me lost in this confusion: one reports

We have lost all; another instantly

Kills all the French at once: thus ev'ry street

Is filld with wondring people, some cry, Arme;

Others runne crying, to perswade a flight:

All have an earnest bus'nesse in the stirre,

But in the helpe not any.

*Pic.*

These are they

That if an happy messenger should come

With

With *Sforza's* victory, would pretend at least  
To be overcome with joy : the gorgeous wals  
Should shine with painted triumphs, & the French  
Should be againe vanquisht in pageant  
But if his fortune yeeld to the French force,  
What obloquy's will be enough for him ?  
Disgrace will then be wit, and any braine  
Will venture on a Libell.

*Jul.* 'Tis the use,  
The popular folly to admire events.  
And those low souls thinke that the sword is just,  
Proportioning the reason, by the end,  
Of the chiefe acts, of the best enterprize,  
And so by folly runne into a crime.

*Pic.* No matter for their wisdom, were they good:  
O why are such term'd Innocents ? but friend,  
What is our ayme ? a flight our age denyes,  
And whither should we flye, but to the grave ?  
O I have so much people in me too. *Enter Mal-*  
That I could wish thy company *vezzo.*

*Mal.* Good Heav'ns !

Am I escap'd ? may I stay safely here ?  
My feare has left such neere impressions,  
I scarce dare thinke that this is Liberty.

*Pic.* Noble *Malvezzo*, is there any hope ?

*Mal.* As much as in despaire : we are betraid,  
*Sforza* is made a prisoner, all's lost,  
And *Millan*, without blowes, is once more French,

*Pic.* Now I remember what I dream'd last night,  
(If it be safe to call a vision, Dreame,)  
I saw our *Sforza* in so pale a shape,  
That Envy never was describ'd more wan,  
Who frighted me with this relation.



Start not astonish mortall: let us feare  
 Chail thee to my pale image, but fixe here:  
 Let thy once Prince be thy new spectacle,  
 Whilst I the darrest Tragedy shall tell  
 That ever challeng'd wonder: briefly then  
 I was betray'd, betray'd, and by those men  
 By whom I conquer'd: 'tis an happy end  
 To perish for, but never by a friend, (Time  
 This our first death: but then — O could curst  
 Dare ever such a Minute, such a Crime?  
 Then was I pinion'd, then these royall hands  
 Were forc'd obedient to the base commands  
 Of an insulting Conqueror, and knit  
 Vnto a hated union; & were fit  
 If ever Heav'n shed teares, then to distill  
 Mournings Elixar, though the expence should kill  
 The hopes of after Ages: but Heav'n smil'd  
 Nor any courteous clouds were wisely pil'd  
 Over the Sun's sharpe beames, but they gaz'd on  
 With the same visage of compassion  
 As did my torturers, by whom I'me brought  
 Vnto a place the which some shall we thought  
 Has fustly term'd a prison, but to tell  
 The truth of horror, 'twas on Earth, an Hell:  
 Darknesse so dwelt there, that I might bewonne  
 To wish the cruell comfort of the Sunne,  
 Which earst I rav'd at: 'twas a narrow cave,  
 Form'd to the modell of a lesser grave,  
 Or straitned Coffin, all was length, for they  
 Left not the height that I might kneele to pray.  
 Was ever such a bed? could ever yet  
 Cruelty boast off such a subtle wit  
 To bury so! some that have entred Earth  
 Alive, like me, yet by the usuall mirth



*Of justice had their buriall with meat,  
As if't should be their punishment to eate,  
From which I me barr'd, I had no food, but me,  
And yet a guest of famine; Courtesie  
At last seiz'd heav'n, I dy'd, and so though late,  
I both appeas'd and triumpht over Fate.*

But where am I ? what extasie was this ?

*Jul* How quickly we learne misery ? no ghost  
Would have so courteously relinquisht Hell  
To teach us happinesse : if a kind starre  
Had cast a Fortune on us beyond wish,  
We might expect the story from the starre  
As soone as the deare benefit : but when griefe  
That against which we would seale up our eares,  
When that is meant us, we shall surely heare,  
Though heav'n doe straine for a new Miracle,  
So to amaze us to a certainty :  
Though rotten carkasses regaine a voice,  
And hell is bounteous of intelligence,  
To give us teares.

*Pic.* Why, then an end to teares,  
Let's scorne the sorrow, which we owe to hell :  
How learne we the prodigious effects  
Of wise Ambition : for twere easie justice  
To ruine foolish usurpation,  
Heav'n needs not stickle in't : but when those men  
Who are as accurate, as bad, who can  
So shape their vice into a vertuous mould,  
That we repine at the accusers more,  
Then at the guilty : when that these men fall,  
Who then will call that wise, which he sees bad ?  
Such wisdom made, and ruin'd him : then ye  
That dazle with your Majesty, and sit  
Too neere to thunder, and not feare it, know

*Sforza*, and learne a wise contempt of wisdomē,  
 Frailty attends your best, and strongest tricke,  
 And there's no foole unto the Politicke.

---

### The Epilogue.

SOME what beyond an end ? and can there be  
 Tediousnesse counted an Apology ?  
 It was prolixity of speech offended,  
 And can that error by more speech be mended ?  
 Your patience stints the wonder : that is it  
 Hath dar'd us to be publike, and to fit  
 These times of tempest, with a blustering scene.  
 If ought doe please, if we have hit the meane,  
 That neither cloyes the Auditor, nor starves,  
 Felicity hath crown'd us, if ought swarves  
 From plausible invention, know 'twas it  
 VVhich we intend, which is in stead of wit.  
 Teares grace a Tragedy and we are glad  
 To have the happy power to make you sad,  
 Continue it, and our applause is high,  
 Not from your Hand so much, as from your eye.



### *To the Ambitious.*

TEll me, mortalls, if there be  
 Ought beside stupidity  
 Hidden in you at the least,  
 If you are not all one beast

VVhere-

VVherefore doe you cloud your face

If you want the chiefeſt place ?

VVhy doe you reſpect ? O why ?

Not how good 'tis, but how high ?

VVould you all be Kings ? ô vaine.

This is but to entertaine

Such deſires, that you may feare,

Leſt the heav'n ſhould lend an eare,

Leſt you have what you deſir'd,

And in your owne bogges be myr'd.

Height is baſeneſſe, if it be

Level'd by a quality,

And the Earth were a plaine ſtill,

If it were but one great hill.

VVould you all be Kings ? as though

Standing poole ſhould wiſh to flow,

Or a river make his plea

To exceed into a Sea :

As if of the ſtars not one,

But ſhould ſtrive to be the Sun,

Or the Larke would partner be

In the Eagles ſoveraignty.

VVould you not be mad to ſee,

If a beaſt, a ſtone, a tree

To the heav'nly powers ran

Angry that they were not man ?

Nay in us conſider well

To what Monſters we ſhould ſwell,

If but any Part ſhould be

Of the Mans infirmity.

VVhat ſhould lead, or what be led,

If the feet were made the Head ?

VVhat ſhould ſpeake, or what ſhould ſee,

If this itch of Maieſty

Made

Made the mouth, for being nigh,  
Beg advancement to the eye.

Would you all be Kings, poore men!  
Wish, what you would wish agen,  
Which within your thoughts dares bide,  
And's not fearfull to be try'd.

What's a King, consider well,  
But the publike Sentinell?  
But a Beacon, which we find  
Highly subject to the wind:  
And can any still desire

To be worse, so he be higher?  
Are you weary of your sleepe,  
Can you count it blisse, to creepe,  
To take paines unto that height,  
Whence your fall may gaine a weight,

Would you all be Kings? you may,  
Every man hath regall sway,  
And 'tis this the fault does beare,  
Not that he commands, but where.  
Doe thy thoughts rebell? would Pride  
Have thy worst acts magnifi'd?  
Does Ambition make thee flee  
To forbidden Sov'raignty.

Know it is a braver way  
To forbid, then to obey:  
Know it is a nobler deed,  
To give over, then to speed.  
Were this all? would every one  
But command himselfe alone,  
But command his owne desire,  
From the thought of rising higher:  
It would not be a grieve to see

An universall Monarchy.

F I N I S.

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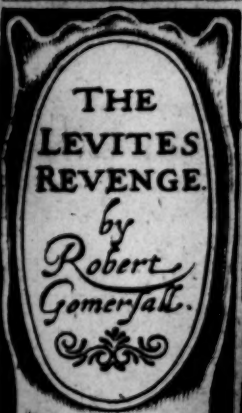
*The explanation of the Frontispice.*

A Levite in his journey goes  
To wicked *Gibeah* for repose,  
VVhich is deny'd, but having found  
Another lodging then the ground,  
(Such is th' unkindnesse of their sinne)  
They make a prison of his Inne.  
From whence he shall not issue free,  
But by his wifes Adultery,  
So when from thence to halt he minds,  
Her dead before the doore he finds,  
VVhen to expresse their crime, and make  
The villaines at their owne guilt quake,  
Into twelve pieces he divides  
The body that was once his Brides,  
Now *Gibeah* is besieg'd, and though  
They twice have giv'n the overthrow  
Unto their betters, yet at length  
They finde Vice hath no lasting strength :  
For now their town's as hot as their Desire,  
And as they burnt in Lust, so that in fire.



*Benjamin shall ravine as a wolf*

*Rahel weeping for her children*



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THE  
LEVITES  
REVENGE:

*Containing*  
POETICAL  
MEDITATIONS  
V P O N

The 19. and 20. Chapters  
of J V D G E S.

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By Robert Gomersall.

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*The second Edition.*

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Printed at L O N D O N in the yeare  
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79  
TO  
HIS VVORTHILY RESPECTED FRIEND,  
MASTER  
BARTEN HOLIDAY  
ARCH-DEACON  
OF OXFORD.

**W**orthy Sir; whilst others are ambitious of an honourable Dedication, I am thankfull for a friendly one, this in the meane time being mine happy advantage over them, that they expect, but I injoy a Patron. And yet I have not such a scarcity of great names, to whom I might pretend with as good a confidence as the greatest part of VVriters, but that some of the higher ranke (to whom for their frequent courtesie I confesse my selfe an unequall debtor) might have expected, others almost challenged my Dedication : to whom I know no other answer of more respect and satisfaction then this, that



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

that I concluded the worke, to bee below their notice, how much more their protection; and that I would have others to take notice more of my Friendship, then of my Ambition : But it may bee that some will conceive an Ambition in this Friendship, when I of such an infancy in study shall boast the favours of so growne a vertue, and intrude upon his fame. If this be an offence, I must professe I glory in it, this accusation I confesse and am proud of : such is the ambition of him that is enamoured on vertue, of the man who would bee indeared to heaven, whose desires would not be so good, were they not so high, and the Angells might have stood, had they never known another Pride. But not to insist on that (which neverthelesse I can never too much insist on, the remembrance of our friendship) to whom could I more fitly dedicate a Poeme, then to him that hath shewed such excellency ? or a Divine Poem, then to him that hath shewed such Religion in his compositions ? Of this truth *Persius* is a witnessse, whom you have taught to speake English with such a grace, that wee can understand when wee heare him, and find no one syllable in his Dialect offensive either to the Elegant, or to the Chast Eare. Of this truth *Juvenall* may bee a witnessse, whom though wee doe not yet heare in publike bettering

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

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tering his expressions by your exact rendering him, yet they that have enjoy'd the happiness of your nearer friendship, confidently and upon the hazzard of their understanding affirme, that hee is farre unworthy of such an imprisonment, that hee should bee obscured by that hand which cleared him. But it is Divinity that is the subject of these verses, and it is Divinity which is the exercise, and glory of your studies, which makes you an inhabitant of the Pulpit, nay which makes every place where you will vouchsafe to discourse, to bee a Pulpit, for such is the bounty of your religious conversation, that howsoever the place may bee changed, the Sermon is perpetuall. Sermons that at the same time make us devout and witty, which by first winning the Preacher, have the easier Conquest of the Auditory : who are never with lesse difficulty intreated to their happiness, then when they see they doe not goe alone. So that now when I consider what I present, and to whom, I beginne to suspect the lightnesse of my worke, and thinke I have some reason to feare the censure of such a Friend, to whom if I shall bee excus'd, I expect some glory from others, not because the Levite, but be-  
H cause

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

cause He was mine, to whom, having thus  
farre tryed his patience, I have nothing more to  
adde but this, that I am his,

In all the duties  
of Affection,

ROBERT GOMERSALL.

---

## TO THE READER.

**R**eader, I must first intreat thy Patience, 83  
 afterward thy Ingenuity; thy Patience,  
 that thou wilt read somewhat before my  
 verses: thy Ingenuity, that thou wilt not  
 censure them the worse, because thou shalt finde  
 them censur'd to thy hand. The purpose of this Poem  
 is Religious Delight, which if thou shalt finde in  
 any place wanting, or disjoyned, understand, that it  
 was either not my intent, or mine Error. And yet  
 I dare affirme no man shall be the worse by it,  
 and that if there be any want, it is more of the De-  
 light then of the Religion: If I intended excuses, I  
 could tell you, and that truely too, that these verses  
 were not now first made, although they are now first  
 published, and the Composure was a younger mans,  
 though the Edition be a Divines. This I could say,  
 if I thought Poetry incompatible with Divinity, if  
 it were a serious truth, that God could bee onely  
 magnified in Prose: But when I consider that Naza-  
 anzen could be both a Poet, and a Saint, and that it  
 was heresie that cast Tertullian out of the Church,  
 and not his Verses, I dare acknowledge thest for mine  
 owne, and feare not to suffer in that cause, wherein  
 those Worthies were so magnify'd: Especially, since  
 these Essayes (which I feare their weaknesse will too  
 strongly testifie) were not my study, but my Recrea-  
 tion, when in the vacations having for a time inter-  
 mitted my more serious affaires, I chose Poetry be-  
 fore Idlenesse; yet I have not chose Poetry with she

## To the Reader.

hazard of my Conscience, & so instead of a Divine have writ a superstitious worke; howsoever Malice or Ignorance may wrest a passage unto Popery, I meane that, where Abraham prays for the victory of the Israelites: But besides that the Intercession is generall for the Church, which no judicious Divine but will allow for Orthodox, it is made by him, whom a Popish Divine will deny at that time to be able to intercede: there was no soliciting of him they saw not, and the holiest of the Patriarchs (as they will tell you) saw not God till after the Resurrection: I have the more fully exprest my selfe in this, because I would not be esteem'd as one of the (whereof there is too great an harvest) who play the wantons with Religion, that will halt betweene two parties, and in spite of the Prophet, at the same time serve God and Baal, who like not Orthodoxe truth, unlesse delivered in hereticall tearmes, & so by a notable new trick of Ingling, call that Pacification, which is Conspiracy, of whose proficiency in Religion I can speak little; but this I may most confidently affirme, that (perhaps not after the Apostles mind, yet certainly in his words) they goe on from Faith, to Faith. Of this crime, and of the suspicion of it, I trust I am sufficiently acquitted: for other errors which Malice and Curiosity will aboundantly multiply, I onely referre my selfe to the truly Indicous, who know that a good Poem is as a good Life, not wherein there are none, but wherein there are the fewest faults.





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To my learned and highly  
esteemed Friend, Mr.

ROBERT GOMERSALL.

**H**Ad such a Labour in this jugling age  
Sought after Greatnesse for its patronage,  
Not after Goodnesse, I had then beene free  
To love thy worke, though not to fancy thee;  
But thou hast wonne me: since I see thy booke  
Aymes at a judging eye, no smiling looke.  
Greatnesse doth well to shelter errorrs, thou  
Not having any, fear'st no frowning brow,  
But wisely crav'st a view of his, that can  
Not onely praise, but censure of a man.  
Thou needst not doubt severer eyes, if he  
Adde but applause unto thy Poety.  
His workes such monuments of fame doe raise,  
That none will Censure if he once but Praise.  
Commend I would, but what? here's nothing knowne  
Can be call'd thine, when each hath claim'd his owne.  
*Jove-bred-Minerva* challengeth the wit.  
*Mercury* flies and sweares he languag'd it.  
Thy Artes the Muses claime; the History  
Savours of nothing but Divinity,  
Transcrib'd from Gods records; then nothing's thine  
(But grieve for th' Levites sinne, since th' use is mine.  
But now deare friend, though this sufficient be  
To raise up Trophees, and eternize thee:  
Give leave to him that loves thee to desire  
To serve thee friendlike, though in meane attire.



The glittering starre that darts a glorious light  
Were lost if not commended by the night  
So stands it with thy verse; I writing set  
Their beauty off, as Christall is by Iett.  
Nor doth it trouble me; since that my end  
Is not to be a Poet, but a friend.  
And yet perhaps these looser lines of mine  
May prove eternall; cause they usher thine.

*Midd. Temp.*

C. L. I. C.

---

· Epitaphium

---



### Epitaphium Concubinæ.

*Quæ tristis ignes, Gibeah, passa est tuos,  
Cultrumque sponsi, cujus amplexum petit  
Non unus ardor, ecce in amplexu perit,  
Non una facta victima, & multus rogas.  
Discant puellæ forma sit quantum Nihil,  
Virtus venusta est, pulchra mens solus decor.*

### Englised thus.

Who suffer'd Gibeahs Lust, and her Lords knife,  
Whom not one Suitor would have had to wife;  
By many Suitors perishing, here lyes,  
A not-one Coarse, and many sacrifice.  
O who would trust in formes, that houres impaire,  
Vertue's true shape, and onely Goodnesse fayre.



PSAL. 9.2.

I will bee glad and rejoyce in thee, yea my  
Songs will I make of thy name, O thou most  
High.

**F**ather of Lights, whose praises to rehearse  
Would pose the boldnesse of the ablest verse;  
Who art so far above what we can say,  
That what we leave is greatest: shew the way  
To my weake Muse, that being full of thee  
Shee judge Devotion the best Poesie,  
Teach her to shunne those ordinary wayes,  
Wherein the greater sort seeke shamefull praise  
By witty sinne, which ill affections sturres,  
Whose pennes at leastwise are Adulterers.  
O teach me Modesty: let it not be  
My care to keepe my verse from harshnes free  
And not from lightnesse; let me censure thou,  
That what is Bad, that too is Barbarous.  
Then shall my soule warm'd with thy sacred fire,  
Advance her thoughts, and without Pride aspire,  
Then shall I shew the glory of my King,  
Then shall I hate the faults which now I Sing,

THE

THE  
LEVITES  
REVENGE.

Canto. I.

The Argument.

*The Levites Love, her flight, his stay  
In hope to bring his Runne-away:  
Gibeahs harsh usage, with the free,  
Vnlook for old mans courtesie:  
Their base attempt, her wretched fate;  
This song to Time doth consecrate.*

**VV** Hilst *Israels* government was yet but rude,  
And Multitudes did sway the Multitude,  
Whilst all the Nation were so many Kings,  
Or else but one great Anarchy : Fame sings  
That there a Levite was (Levites may erre)  
Who had a Concubine, and doubted her.

Durst Lust and Iealousie so high aspire  
To one that onely knew the Altars fire ?  
Must he feele other Flames ? to wanton eyes  
Must ev'n the Priest be made a sacrifice ?  
Or hath he offer'd incense so long time  
For *Judah's* fault, that he hath gain'd their crime ?  
Appears'd

Appeas'd for sinnes to learne them ? in times past  
 Whilst yet the ancient innocence did last,  
*Levi* could kill a Ravisher, but now  
*Levies* base off-spring does not disavow  
 To be a Ravisher. Perhaps to show  
 His Grandfires bloody rashnesse, who would so  
 Punish that crime, which some years past might be  
 His owne, at least in his Posterity.

For so 'twas now : the Levite loves, and more,  
 Suspects at last, whom he did first adore :  
 For Fame speakes hardly of her : but poore man  
 Fame speaks no more thē thou should thinke : for can  
 One that hath broke with honesty, be true  
 To him that made her breake ? or else are you  
 The onely Tempter ? does there no blood boyle  
 Besides the Levites ? can they onely toyle  
 In sinnes, that preach against them ? if they can,  
 Yet such as she are made for every man.  
 What none can challenge his, is due to all,  
 Lust should not imitate a Nuptiall.

She now suspects her Levites jealousie,  
 And hasts home to her fathers house : ô why  
 To goe or come againe couldst thou dispense,  
 And bring not backe againe, what thou broughtst  
 Was then a Father to be visited (thence?  
 When thou wert made a Mother ? what hope bred  
 That madnesse in thee, that unto a mild  
 Father, thou shouldst be welcome for a child ?  
 But unto whom wouldst thou have welcome beene ?  
 A Father ? 'tis the nature of thy sinne :  
 To make them doubtfull : they that live like thee,  
 Asham'd of nothing but of modesty,  
 Banish themselves from all, but their deare sinne;  
 And lose at once their vertue, and their kinne.

But

But when the Levite saw that she was gone,  
That she was lost, whom he so doted on,  
Reason almost forsooke him too, to prove  
Anger can blind a man as well as love :  
It may be *Israel* was holy then  
And sacrifices for the guilty men  
Came slowly in, this might increase his griefe,  
And be an accessory, if not chiefe :  
This might confirme him in his angry sinne,  
Rob'd of his profit and his concubine.

But hee'l not lose her : wilt thou seeke her then  
That does fly thee ? that to an host of men  
Hath giv'n thy due ? as if she meant to try  
Which were the most unvanquisht luxury  
Of Priest or people : whom if thou shouldst finde,  
Thou hast not yet recovered her lost mind,  
That wanders still, and wilt thou fetch her thence  
To try, or else to teach thee Patience ?  
Can she teach any vertue ? can there be  
Ought learnt from her besides immodesty ?  
All that this journey can effect, that thou  
Can'st promise to thy selfe, if thou speed'st now,  
Is, that shee'l lose the bashfulnesse she had,  
And onely prove more confidently bad.

You now may thinke him neere his journeyes end,  
Where long before his thoughts had met his friend,  
Scorning his bodies sluggish company,  
And now both are arriv'd, where to his eye  
She first appear'd, for whom alone, I find,  
He thank'd the heav'n that did not make him blind,  
For which he should have thank'd them: he had been  
Then nor a Lover, nor a Priest : no sinne  
Had crept in with the light, nor ever made  
In that good Darknesse, an unhallowed shade

But



But who had seene him when he first descry'd  
 Who'twas that met him, how he slipt beside  
 The wearied beast, and with full speed did run  
 As if he meant to tempt temptation;  
 He would have judg'd that women strongest were,  
 And men object the weakenesse which they are.  
 Thus when he should wisely have understood,  
 And thank'd the kinder heav'ns, who made him good  
 Against his will almost, having remov'd  
 That which did hinder him from being belov'd  
 Of God, and goodnesse, not unlike the Fish  
 Which seemes to be desirous of the dish,  
 (As if for his delivery he did waite,  
 And therefore were ambitious of the baite :)  
 Into a knowne snare, he does gladly run,  
 And foolishly pursues, what he should shun.

And is not this, Ide know, the readiest way  
 To make God thinke, we mocke him when we pray ?  
 When we pretend desire, that we may be,  
 As from the Fault, so the Temptation free :  
 Whilst (as we had not knowne what we had said,  
 Or hop'd, that God observ'd not how we prai'd)  
 Lest that we should receive our hurt from farre,  
 We both the Tempted, and the Tempters are,  
 And thus the holiest name we take in vaine,  
 Praying as never meaning to obtaine.

And now her father comes, who after words  
 As kind and elegant as that place affords,  
 Intreats her pardon : but alas, good Age,  
 Who shall intreat thy pardon, or asswage  
 The Levites passion now ? who does averre,  
 That he alone does sinne, who taxes her :  
 With this he smiles on her, and yet does feare  
 Lest she should thinke that this a Pardon were,

Or reconcilment : without much adoe,  
You might perswade him now he came to wooe,  
And not to fetch her backe; but by the hast  
Of carrying her from thence, fearing the wast  
Of the least minute, she might well descry,  
What ere his words, his deeds spoke Iealousie.  
Hardly he condescends to one nights stay  
Though 'twere with her: but how he spent the day,  
How his desires were speedier then the Sunne,  
(Whom then he thought to creep, and not to runne)  
Twere tedious to relate, though the old man  
With all the Art, and all the Cheare he can,  
Detaines him three daies longer, which appeare  
As long as fancy can extend a yeare.  
Minutes are Ages with him, and he deemes  
He hath out-lingred grave *Methusalems*  
Nine hundred yeare by such a stay, and feares  
That she may once more shunne him for his yeares.  
Sure such accounts the wise Egyptians made  
Who added wings to Time, as if he had  
Mov'd on too slowly, or as if they meant  
To take his fore-top from him, with intent  
To make him bald before too, whose records  
Had very neere as many yeares as words.  
Making full forty thousand ere the fall,  
And pu'ny *Adam* of no age at all.

The fifth day dawnes, but ere the rising Sunne  
Had shew'd the victory which he had wonne  
Of cloudy night, before the sleepy Cocke  
Had prov'd himselfe to be the Country Clocke  
Shewing the mornings houre, when now we might  
Have spoke no falshood had we call'd it Night;  
Our Levite for his journey does prepare,  
And his are drest, ere *Phœbus* horses are :

To whom the Father comes, and gently chides  
 His earely sonne-in-law, who, forst, abides  
 Till after noone with him, and then he goes  
 Not from the house so fast, as to his woes,  
 Sure the old man did prophecy the harme,  
 Which would insue, when he did seeke to charme  
 Our Levite to a longer stay : but O  
 Tis double misery beforehand to know  
 We shall be miserable ! then why hath man  
 That curst ability, that well he can  
 Prognosticate mishapps, when they are neere ?  
 And all his knowledge teaches but to feare.

Which yet our Levite hath not learnt, who rides  
 Doubting no danger : now the worlds eye glides  
 To his west Inne, when *Jebus* he espies,  
 Whom he counts his, because Gods enenuies.  
 Hearken ye Gallants that will crosse the seas,  
 And are industrious for a new disease,  
 If you will needs be gadding, and despise  
 For forraine toyes, our home-bred rarities,  
 Take this example with you, if you goe  
 Travell not from Religion : why, although  
 You never touch at *Rome*, or else perchance  
 You scarce see *Spaine*, and gleane but part of *France*,  
 You may be weary, thinke your travell great,  
 And spare at once your conscience, and your sweat;  
 You see our Levite though the night draw neere,  
 His love be weary, and no towne appeare  
 Where she may rest herselfe, although the way  
 Were troublesome enough eu'n in the day,  
 Yet he resolves gladly to undergoe  
 More miseries then Night and danger know,  
 Ere he will venture there to make his stay  
 From whence the Idols had drove God away :

O farre unworthy of thy future Fate  
By this best Action ! miserable state  
Of too great vertue ill-employ'd ! to be  
Punish't, when he did shunne Iniquitie,  
As he did *Jebus*. How he spurs, how rates  
His tardy beast ! how his owne slacknesse hates ?  
Which forc't him by his travelling so late  
If not to stay, yet to deliberate.

Within the Center of the Earth there stands  
Neere to the fiery streames, and ashy sands,  
A dreadfull palace, of such uncouth frame,  
Each part so shap't as if twere built to shame  
All Architecture, that if one did see  
The vastnesse of it, and deformity,  
He would not make the least demurre to tell  
That 'twas a lodging for the Prince of Hell.  
What ere does beautifie a house, here wants,  
The walls are blacke as the Inhabitants,  
Made out of Iett, into such figures fram'd  
That Nature dare not owne them, nor be blam'd  
With so much Monster : we in doubt may call,  
Whether the trimming, or materiall,  
Had the more horror. No birds here are heard,  
But such whose harsher accents would have feard  
The most resolv'd : they punish in their rimes,  
And all their ditty does consist of crimes.  
They fly Præcisian that could gull the eye  
Of the most sharpe, by close hypocrisie,  
Whose mischiefes onely he that did, could tell,  
Who, we may thinke might ev'n have cheated Hell  
With such dissembling, sees his vices bare,  
Naked, and foule, as when they acted were :  
One layes oppression to his charge, another  
His sisters incest, murder of his brother,

They

They shew his zeale was onely to contend,  
 And all his reformation not to mend  
 But to confound the State, that his knit brow  
 (Which lookt so sterne as it would disallow  
 The most indifferent act, and like of none  
 But such as did pretend perfection)  
 Was but an easie Vizor, such as Rage  
 Can give it selfe, and must receive from Age.  
 That he did onely know externall Grace,  
 And all his holinesse was in his face.  
 Is goodnes in a wrinkle? can we finde  
 That what does cloud the face, does clense the mind?  
 To me it is a tricke of rarest art  
 That hollow browes should have the soundest heart.

These are the sounds, but then the smells are worse,  
 Enough to make that Harmony no Curle.  
 Vnder the walls there runnes a brimstone flood  
 The top of flames, the bottome was of mud:  
 Of such grosse vapour, that to smell was Death,  
 Prisons are sweet, compar'd unto that breath.  
 And to maintaine the fire and stench at once,  
 The fewell is prepar'd of usurers bones,  
 Loose Madams lockes, the fethers of their Fame,  
 With the foule inside of a Puritan.  
 In this sweet place as sweet a Prince death dwell,  
 The chiefe of fiends, the Emperor of Hell  
 Grand Lucifer, whom if I should relate  
 In the worst figure that the eye doth hate:  
 I should but faintly his foule selfe expresse,  
 Nor reach unto his unpatter'd uglinesse,  
 Death keeps the entrance, a tall sturdy groome,  
 Who emptying all places fills no roome,  
 But like the fond Idolater of pelfe,  
 Denyes men, what he cannot have himselfe:

Here



Here does this shade send challenges to all,  
Who would have entrance first to try a fall,  
They try, and they are throwne; ther's none so great  
But yeelds to him, who knew but one defeat  
And that long after, but his prime was now,  
His bones some marrow had, some grace his brow.  
No plagues as yet, no famines had beene knowne,  
The sword was thrifty, making few to groane  
Vnder his edge: Death yet had lusty thighes,  
Nor spent himselfe with too much exercise.

Here there stand numbers, which exceed all sum  
(For they refuse none here, who ever comes)  
The murtherer first, and without much adoe,  
Sometime he will admit the murtherd too,  
Then the incontinent, but if that he  
Be knowne by Incest or Adultery  
His seat is chiefe: nor have they a low place,  
Who with an open and alluring face,  
Delude their trusting friends, till they have wonn.  
Their deeper projects, which they built upon.  
The rest of lower crimes, whom we may call,  
Downe-right offenders, such as after all  
Their time of trespassse, have not gain'd the skill,  
And onely know the taint, not art of Ill:  
Have no distinguishing roomes, but venture in  
As headlong to their paines, as to their sinne,

But now some other enter; for a charge  
Past from the Prince of shadows, to enlarge  
Th'imprison'd Crimes, that they might all conferre  
(Such is his will) with their Lord Lucifer.

What noyse there was, what striving at the doore?  
This would be first, and that would goe before;  
Pride claimes preercedency, and cries who ere  
Ventures to make a step before her there



Is impudently foolish, that the place  
 Is hers by due, and onely theirs by grace,  
 When she would yeeld it: unlesse first they would  
 Bring more convincing reasons then she could:  
 For who should to the Prince of Hell first goe  
 To visit him, but she that made him so?  
 And who had made him so, shee'd know, but she,  
 When with his God he claim'd *A* quality?  
 Peace, wrath exclames, and with so deepe an oath  
 As all those fiends, with Hell to boot, were loath  
 To heare another such, he voves no more  
 To beare the bravings of that scarlet whore,  
 Hee'l first a Rebell, first a Verme be,  
 And no more Wrath, but Magnanimity.  
 She smil'd, and bid him be so, but whilst they  
 Were hot in this contention, Envy lay  
 Gnawing her breasts: faine would she have bin higher  
 Had but her spirit equall'd her desire.  
 But since she cannot be reveng'd of them,  
 She useth an unheard of stratagem,  
 Teares her owne haire, and her gimme face beelines  
 Thus punishing her selfe for others crimes.  
 By this time Idlesse comes in the reare,  
 As proud, though not as active, as they were;  
 He scarce would take the paines to speake, but loch  
 To lose his dignity by too much Sloth.  
 He gives them these few words, Why strive you so  
 About the place which all to me doe owe?  
 Doe not ye know, I am the reigning Crime,  
 Most generall, and most lesty of the time?  
 I make the Lawyer silent, though he see  
 His clyent full, I am beyond a Fee:  
 When Lawes doe not, I make the Preacher dumbe  
 Ev'n when the Tiger, or the Wolfe doe come

But

But above all, I in the Court doe grow,  
Beggars are proud, but Emperors are flow.  
Drunkennesse could not answere, but does thinke  
Twas fit that Idlenesse should yeeld to drinke :

And reeling to encounter him, does fall  
Iust in the entrance, and excludes them all.

Now is the skirmish hotter then before,  
Now Pride begins to scratch, and Wrath to roare;  
Drunkennesse lies unmov'd, and Sloths intent  
Is to sit still, and to expect th'e vent.

But in this civill broyle, at last comes Craft  
Of whom no Painter ere could take a draft,  
He had such change of shapes, who when he saw  
These tumbling warriors, and that no awe,  
No feare of Lucifer could reach them peace,  
Hee'l try his skill to make these broyles to cease,  
Fie Pride, sayes he, What? give your selfe the fall?  
And Wrath are you no more discreet withall  
Then quarrell with a woman? Come agree,  
If not for feare of Hell, for love of me.

But out alas, you doe too well agree,  
When Wrath is Proud, and Pride will Wrath full be.  
Goe hand in hand (thus friendly Craft decides)  
Onely the upper hand let that be Prides,

They enter the great hall, where they doe see  
The Hellish Monarch in his Majesty,  
Where having made obeyfance, he beginnes,  
Thus to breake silence, and upbraid the sinnes.

The reason why I call'd you (not to dwell  
On an unnecessay preamble)  
Is to informe you, that we finde of late  
You have not beene officious to the State :  
Tis true, yon bring me daily what's mine owne,  
And plentifully reape what I have sowne,

In the grosse Heathen you doe hourelly cause  
 Vices, which never were forbid by Lawes,  
 Because ne'r thought of? but what's this to me,  
 Whether that Lust or Infidelity  
 Fill Hell with those, nay and oppresse it too,  
 Which must come thither, whatsoere they do?  
 You doe like those, who in the other life  
 Buy their owne lands, and wooe againe their wife.  
 A goodly act, and wherein's danger store,  
 You give me that, which was mine owne before.  
 Whilst *Judah* all this while hath me withstood,  
 And dares, when I forbid them, to be good.  
 They honor Parents with a zealous strife,  
 And with their goodnesse doe prolong their life.  
 In them no malice nor no rancor lies,  
 Nor shed they blood, but for a sacrifice:  
 Adultery's scarce heard of in a life,  
 And they are men onely unto their owne wife.  
 In such a lov'd community they live,  
 None need to steale, all are so apt to give.  
 While you suppose that highly you deserve  
 If you can say that you have made them swerve  
 From goodnesse that ne'r had it: well y'ave done  
 If that *Semiramis* once doate upon  
 Her wondring issue, and begin to swell  
 With such a birth, that would pose us to tell  
 How she should call it; and what she did beare  
 If it her daughter, or her granchild were,  
 You have discharged your office, if you make  
 Some bloody Nations their owne issue take  
 And offer unto me; or if you draw  
 Some to the practice of that wicked Law  
 That after fifty they their parents kill,  
 And not that onely, but suppose that ill

To be their duty. O fond thought ! and thence  
Doe estimate their child's obedience.

Hence truant Crimes, avant, no more appeare  
In my dread presence, no more let me heare  
Those petty actions, if you doe not straight  
Revenge my wrongs, and ease me of this waight,  
Which thus oppresseth me, if *Israel* still  
Shall dare to crosse what I shall call my will;  
By Hell Ile doe— but what ? I say no more,  
If you are wise, prevent, if not, deplore.

This said he star'd so fiercely that they fear'd  
He would performe much more then they had heard,  
Nor know they wel how they their tongues should use,  
Whether 'twere best to promise or excuse.

At last Lust rises, and becalmes him thus,  
Why doe you loose your wrath, great Prince, on us ?  
Vs your sworne vassals ? who nor thinke nor doe  
But what your will is their command unto. (way ?  
What though w'ave spent our paines not the right  
Yet they were paines, nor can an enemy say  
But we were active Furies, and have done  
What lesser fiends durst not have thought upon.  
And yet (if that I may have leave to tell  
From your dread grace) preciser *Israel*  
Hath not escap'd us wholly, nor hath bin  
More noted for their Law, then for their Sinne.  
Was that a Vertue too, when being led  
By Gods owne hand, and fill'd with Angels bread,  
They did, (I joy to caus't, but blush to tell,)  
They did repine ev'n at that miracle.  
Fasting and full they murmure, nor are lesse  
Angry with Manna then with Emptinesse.  
I could speake more, and truly : but in summe,  
To prove my past acts by my act to come;

If by your gracious leave, I have the fate  
 To have a joynt commission with Debate,  
 Ile make a fire within their blood to burne,  
 Shall their proud Cities into ashes turne:  
 And they shall know how foolishly they erre,  
 Who are not willing slayes to Lucifer.

Lucifer nods, and Lust does swiftly runne  
 With his unlimited Commission:  
 Which with what Art, what mischief he did use,  
 Is now the grieve and bus'nesse of my Muse.

But now she must to our sad Levite hast  
 Whom we left trav'ling, when the day was past,  
 The sunne sets over *Gibeah*, when that he  
 Drawes neerer thither ward, but then to see  
 The blush of Heav'n, with what a red it shin'd,  
 (As if the Sun his office had resign'd  
 Vnto those clouds) to all that understood,  
 It would have shew'd that it did figure blood,

And now our Levite is arriv'd, but finds  
 The walls more courteous then the peoples minds:  
 For these had gates which let him in, but they  
 Were mercilesse, and rougher then the way:  
 Men that had onely studied to oppresse,  
 Whose mindes were shut against the harbourlesse:  
 And yet he sees large houses, some so high  
 As if they learn'd acquaintance with the sky,  
 What ever pleas'd their fathers now grows stale,  
 Their buildings to the hills exalt the vale:  
 And such thicke Palaces the mountaines fill,  
 As if the quarry grew without the hill,  
 Some are of that circumference you'd guesse,  
 They had beene built for him, who had no lesse  
 Then the whole world his Family. But when  
 Our Levite was inquisitive, what men

Fill'd



Fill'd up that Princely dwelling; and if there  
Might be found hope of rest for them that were  
But two more then the Family; they tell  
That two are the whole Family; 'twas well,  
And stately too (as state is at this day)  
So might they live at home, and yet away,

O the great folly of Magnificence!  
Houses are little Cities, and from thence  
Cities are lesser worlds, that man may have  
Roome enough here that cannot fill a grave.  
He must have Halls, and Parlors, and beside  
Chambers invented, but not nam'd by pride:  
And all this for one man, as if he sought  
To have a severall lodging for each thought,  
But none for any stranger: this truth seemes  
Too certaine to our Levite, who esteemes  
That pris'ners are in better state then he;  
Nay, ev'n the pris'ners of mortality,  
Such as are fast immur'd within the grave  
Who though they want a life, a lodging have.

Inhumane wretches! have you then forgot  
That you were sometime strangers? Were you not  
In Egypt once? where the Propheticke land  
Did justly scourge your baseness before hand,  
Knowing you would be barbarous, and so  
Made you to feeble the harshness which you show.  
O cruelly forgetfull! that indure  
To act, or else out-doe the Epicure,  
Whilest he feeds on the Ayre, that thinke it meet  
To lye in Downe, while he lies in the street!

An old man thought not thus, but to his house  
Intreats the strangers: 'tis malicious  
To lay the imputation upon Age  
That it is covetous (as if the sage



Haires of the Ancient were therefore white  
 To signifie their silver Appetite.)  
 Peace you blasphemers, see an aged man  
 Covetous onely of a Guest, who can  
 Repay him nothing, but his Prayer, and be  
 Indebted once more for his Piety;  
 But if my Muse have any power o'r time  
 And sinne hath more mortality then rime,  
 Old man thou shalt be ever old, and have  
 No entertainment in the silent grave  
 For this thy entertainment: here a while  
 Let me admire how that a towne so vile,  
 Which we would thinke with strangers had decreed  
 To shut out Vertue too, should rarely breed  
 Such a strange Vertue? quietly we heare  
 Of courtesies in *Rome*; of kindnesse there  
 Where *Greece* is nam'd, who counted it a sinne  
 Not to have made each noble house an Inne  
 For worthy strangers: but when one shall fall  
 In commendation of the Canniball,  
 Shall say that they, who on their guests doe gnaw  
 And entertaine their strangers in their maw,  
 Are hospitably minded, that ev'n there  
 May be a mouth which is no Sepulcher:  
 We stand agast, as if we did conspire  
 Not to beleieve the good we did desire.  
 Whence sprung this Singularity? whence came  
 This worth which so deserves and conquers Fame?  
 Our Vertues are not borne with us, and they  
 Which will innoble man till times last day  
 Live after them: they make to live, what we  
 Call goodnesse, is the gift of Company,  
 Our study not our Nature, and could these  
 Teach any other thing besides disease

*The Levites Revenge.*

17

In manners? it is fit then we confesse  
Mercy is learn't amongst the mercilesse,  
And rather then a Levite shall want rest  
Avarice selfe shall entertaine a Guest.

But now the Levite hath forgot that he  
Had left the hard streets hospitality;  
He finds such kindnesse, that he does suppose  
Courtesie wore no other haire then those,  
To grieve the honest world, who now might feare,  
That she was hasting to her sepulcher.  
Into an anticke roome he leads him first,  
Where one would guesse that *Abraham* had beene  
Or a more ancient Patriarch, the walls  
Compos'd of that which from a wet shoe falls  
In weeping winter, which a man would thinke  
Their age had now dry'd up into one Chinke.  
Yet such a roome one comfort does afford,  
It was not built to ruine its sad Lord.  
For who will begge a Cottage? who would make  
A guilty wretch, that he his rags might take?  
To that whence nothing comes is no regard:  
None would be vicious too but for reward.  
No, let them feare who dwell in arched vaults,  
Who in much roome doe seeke to hide their faults.  
Where hundred columnes rise to mate the skie,  
And mocke their Lords with false Divinity.  
Envie is proud, nor strikes at what is low,  
And they shall onely feele who scorne her blow:  
She on no base advantage will insift,  
Nor strive with any but that can resist.

Now is the table spred, and now the meat  
Be'ing set, each takes him his appointed seat:  
No courtship here is shew'd, no carving grace,  
The entertainment (homely as the place

Spoke

Spoke onely hearty, and that plaine intent  
Which greater entertainers complement.  
So *Abraham* feasted heav'nly guests, as when  
He made the Angels eat the bread of men:  
So on the like guests, hospitable *Lor*  
Bestow'd the diet which they wanted not;  
In this ours differs, nay in this exceeds,  
That he bestowes his kindnesse where it needs. (noise,

One would have thought so, when he heard the  
Of confus'd multitudes, men mixt with boyes,  
All ages in the cry, as if they meant  
That now the Babes should not be innocent:  
Bees doe not murmur so, and angry hounds  
In their full rage send forth but easy sounds,  
Compar'd to this: their inland Sea stood still,  
Wondring to heare him selfe out-roar'd, and till  
This time, that noise hath such a silence bred,  
That ever since it hath beene styl'd the Dead.  
Now they besiege the house, and one would feare  
That their loud tongues so many engines were  
To batter it: downe with the Gate, cryes one,  
Another laughes at that, and with a stone  
Threatens to force a Gate, and deeply swore  
To give them entrance, all the House was Doore,  
But then another that would needs be wise,  
And counted chiefe in this great enterprise,  
Exhorts them to a Parley: Why, my friends,  
Make you such hast, sayes he, to lose your ends?  
Have you indented with the stones you throw  
To misse the Levit? Doe you thinke no blow  
Can fasten on him, or d'ye meane to prove  
If that the stones are rivalls in your Love?  
Stones and not men! with that the hands were still,  
But all the noise, the Hubbub, with an ill

Consent,

Consent, cries for the Levite, whom they faine  
Would onely know, and so returne againe.

And could you see him in the street so long,  
As farre from being hid, as this your wrong:  
Shall be from after-Ages, when he had  
No cover, but the kinder heav'ns, (whose sad  
Compassion hindred them from shedding teares,  
Lest such a grieve should make th'unkindnes theirs)  
Had you so full a view of him, and yet  
Doe you desire to know him? No, forger  
That ever there was such a one, and then  
Posterity may thinke that you were men:  
How will they wonder else, when they shall heare  
You lov'd him in the house, whom you did feare  
To bring into your house; that you were mad,  
In the pursunt of that you might have had  
You aim'd another, a worse way, and just  
His answer is, that calls your Knowledge, Lust,

But how, were they so long time innocent?  
How was this Prodigy of Desire ev'n spent  
Before it was exprest? here we may see  
In impudence there was some Modesty:  
They would not sinne at home, the worst abhor'd  
To be a beast, where he should be a Lord.  
And it seem'd better to the vilest breast  
Not to receive, then to abuse a Guest.

Now the Old-man not fearing any harme  
That might ensue, whether he hop'd the warme  
Lust of their Youth, would by his Age be quell'd,  
And that those flames would to such winter yeeld:  
Or whether he was then rather address'd  
To offer up himselfe before his Guest  
Vnto their Fury, forth he goes: they thought  
That now they should obtaine what they had sought,  
Whom

Whom thus he does bespeake; Have Patience  
 My friends, I come, not to intreat you hence,  
 But to fulfill your pleasure, onely change  
 The Sex; I have a daughter, and what's strange  
 In this hot towne, a Virgin : at your suite  
 I am content to make her prostitute,  
 So that my stranger may not injur'd be:  
 Nature shall yeeld to Hospitality.

O constant goodnesse ! O best act, which can  
 Conclude the Vertue, older then the Man !  
 How I could lose my selfe in praying thee,  
 Man not of Age, but of *Eternity* !  
 Who didst respect thy guest beyond thy blood,  
 And knew'st the difference betwixt Fond, and Good.  
 Henceforth scorne all comparisons below,  
 Onely thy Maker, thy Superiour know :  
 Such was his Mercy that he did bestow  
 His onely Sonne a rancome for his Foe;  
 (This was a patterne fit for the most High)  
 Yet next this Mercy, was thy Charitie,  
 Thy Act in this is second to the best,  
 Thou wouldst not spare thy Daughter for thy Guest.

But they'l not be prescrib'd in their desire,  
 Who thinke, to alter, were to quench their fire :  
 They must the Levite or his Sister know,  
 (For Sister they interpret her) to show  
 Our sawcy Lay-men how they should expound  
 Their Preachers actions, not to be profound  
 To search their faults, but well and wisely too,  
 Doe what they speake, and not speake what they do,

This they exclaime, and this our Levite heares,  
 Who now hath spent his Reason, and his Feares.  
 Such a Confusion he is fallne into,  
 He knowes not what to shunne, nor what to doe.

So



So in rais'd Seas, when that the angry wind  
Threatens destruction to that daring kind,  
Who to a flying house themselves commit,  
(Seeming at once to flye too from their wit.)  
The well-stor'd passenger, (when he does find  
That all this fury of the wave and wind  
Is for his Treasure) now resolves to dye :  
(Death is not so much fear'd as Poverty )  
And now resolves that he will venture on  
More losse, before that Resolution :  
He does from this unto that purpose skip,  
And now his minde more totters then his ship.  
Till after all this tedious, foolish strife,  
Which he shall save, his treasure, or his Life,  
He shall save neither, and thus being loath  
To hazard either, he does forfeit both

And now she shall be Passive. O Fates sport !  
Hee'l now betray that should defend the Fort,  
Such Revolution did you ever see ?  
Who earst was Icalous, will a Pander be.  
O Life thou most desir'd, and wretched thing !  
Thy love betrayd his love, from thee did spring  
This Contradiction of crosse Faults, O why  
Chose he not rather to doe well, and Dye ?  
Why did he so desire to shunne his Friend,  
And call that Misery, which was an End ?  
The Dead doe feare no Ravisher, no Lust  
Was ere so hot, to dote upon cold dust,  
Were he once dead he should feare no crimes then,  
Neither his owne, nor those of other men :  
And could he wish a longer life, let those  
Who doe not know (but by inflicting) woes,  
Hugg that desire, but he who wisely waights  
What many miseries are in many dayes,

Let



Let him not be so mad to with his feares,  
And onely prove his Dotage by his Yeares.

Never did Morning blush so much as that  
Which next appear'd, when up our Levite gat,  
And running nimbly to the doore, he sees  
His love before the doore with her faire knees  
Grown to the Earth, so close, that one would feare,  
She rooke a measure of her Sepulcher,  
With hands out stretch'd, as if, fearing to faile,  
She meant to make a Sexton of her naile  
To dig her grave : on else (for who can tell?)  
Suspecting by her injuries an Hell  
Not to be farre, where such finnes had a birth,  
She lay so close, to feele if it were Earth.  
He wonders at the posture, nor knowes why  
She had not chose to rest more easily,  
And now he will be satisfy'd, but she  
Had lost her tongue too, with her Chastity.  
He thinks she sleeps, and therefore louder cryes,  
Why doe we dally here : Wake, and Arise.  
But let him cry on, she hath heard her last,  
Deafe to all sound now, but the latest blast.  
And art thou dead, he cryes : what dead : with that  
You'd wonder which had bene alive, as flat  
He lay, and speechlesse, glad of the same death,  
But that thicke sighes betray that he had breath :  
Which onely serves his Anger : now he hies  
Home to mount *Ephraim* all his jealousies  
Are dead with her, and now he means to make  
Her common after death : each Tribe shall take  
A peice of her; O the obdurate mind  
That so could part, what God had so combin'd.  
I faint in the relating it, nor well  
What he durst act, dare undertake to tell.

Twelve made of one? O who would not be mad,  
To thinke upon that madnesse? if she had  
But such another grieve, with both opprest,  
My Muse would thē be dumbe, which now doth rest.

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**Canto. II.**

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**The Argument.**

*The twelve peices of his wife  
Cut out by the Levites knife,  
To the field to doe him right,  
Draw the angry Israelite.  
Abrahams Prayer, Heav'ns decree,  
Benjamins glad victory  
Twice repeated, doe prolong  
My story to a second song.*

**S**Vch crimes amongst the Israelites? I feare  
Incredulous posterity will sweare  
Mine was the fault, and when they muse hereon  
They'l judge the Crime was in my Fiction,  
When Vice exceeds a Probability  
It gaine excuse, so that to sinne on high  
Is politicke offence, for he that shall  
Sinne so, is thought not to have sinn'd at all.  
'Tis the corruption of the minds of men  
To judge the worst of actions, but 'tis when  
The fault is frequent, when the daily use  
Gives it at once, the guilt, and the excuse;  
But if a crime swell to the height of this,  
Murder, or Incest, or if any is  
Of fowler name; when man will man abuse,  
We doe absolve more gladly then accuse,

Can it be possibly presum'd that they  
 To whom the God of *Jacob* shew'd the way,  
 Both of their feet and manners, who had seene  
 His frequent Miracles, nay who had beene  
 Part of the wonder too, so to have fell  
 As to commit a greater Miracle?  
*Sodom in Judah*? now the Fable winnes  
 Credit, and is out-acted by true finnes:  
 Report hath made *Pygmalion* to have lov'd  
 That which he made, who by his Art was mov'd  
 To palpable Idolatry, yet so  
 At least he lov'd a woman in the show:  
 Hee's fixt on his faire Image, so that one  
 Would wonder which had beene the truer stone,  
 Yet 'twas a Woman Image, so that I  
 Wonder at's lucke, more then his vanity,  
 A Painted Woman will cause love: I'me mov'd  
 More, how he did obtaine, then why he lov'd,  
 These doe affect what to obtaine is worst,  
 What in the very thinking is accurst:  
 In other loves the wife may barren prove,  
 In this the barrenesse is in the Love,  
 In other faults there have excuses beene,  
 This hath no other Motive then the Sinne.  
 And can this sinne be theirs? Yes know it can,  
 Man forsakes God, and then he doates on man.  
 But who did tutor them to this offence?  
 For, though we find it in each conscience  
 That we are naturally vicious,  
 That ther's no true good in the best of us,  
 That we pursue our ill, as drawne by Fate,  
 Yet 'tis example does specificate,  
 That teacheth us This sinne: 'tis mine owne Vice,  
 But that I am more lost in Avarice,

That I doe choose Adultery, or preferre  
The lustfull man before the Murtherer,  
I have from President : and thus our ill  
Comes from the Patterne too, as from the Will,

Egypt denyes to have an hand herein,  
(Egypt the house of bondage, not of sinne.)

Their cruelty I heare, and which is odd,  
I reade that their chiefe sinne, is their chiefe god.  
They make their gardens heav'ns, and in each plant  
They find a Deity : If that any want  
Be in their fields, if thence they doe not gaine,  
It is their gods they want, and not their graine,  
Their superstition might issue hence,  
The Calfe, on which they plac'd their confidence,  
Which act this glory to them doth afford,  
They make themselves the beast which they ador'd

Or did the Desert make them thus to stray,  
And cause them lose their Manners with the Way?  
Did those vast places, which wise Nature fram'd,  
Wherein wild man should by his feare be tam'd,  
His feare of wilder beasts, instruct these men,  
That there are beasts which are not in the Denne ;  
And that when ever we neglect, or scanne  
The Lords commands, the Monster is the Man?

No, these suspicions may suspected be,  
As farre from Truth, as they from Honesty :  
Egypt was free from this fault, and much lesse  
Can we impose it on the Wildernesse.  
They had no King : as well the fooles as wise  
Did all what did seeme right in their owne Eyes,  
And Sodom's crime seem'd right to some : to see  
When every man will his owne Monarch be,  
When all subjection is quite away,  
And the same man does governe and obey,

How there is no obedience, nor rule,  
 How every man like to the Horse and Mule,  
 Which want the understanding of their bit,  
 And neither have their owne nor Riders wit,  
 Make a swift pace to Ruine. Giue me then  
 Leave to admire, and pittie those poore men,  
 Who thinke that Man should his owne Ruler be,  
 And exercise Home-principality :  
 Who in one speedy minute strangely doe  
 What *Alexander* but aspir'd unto,  
 Conquer all Kingdomes, which they affirme to be,  
 No better then a well-nam'd Tyranny.  
 Let me inquire of these, if they have read  
 Any such crimes where people had an head ?  
 Let me inquire of men, as yet not wild,  
 Whether they thinke themselves Lords of their child ?  
 Whether their servants Masters ? whether they  
 Suppose that God did not make some to obey ?  
 In Innocence there was Dominion,  
 And the first man was the first Lord : that one  
 King of the Creatures, whom for this none blames,  
 He prov'd his Sovereignty by their Names.  
 That he was his wives Sovereigne, in the Fall  
 He fell not from his Monarchy, when all  
 His Righteousnesse was vanish't, that remain'd,  
 And so a knowledge of this truth he gain'd,  
 (A truth he could not know had he still stood)  
 We can be longer Powerfull then Good.  
 Nay let us looke on Hell, and we shall see  
 That there's a Prince of that obscurity.  
 It is a torment such as Hell hath none,  
 To want that order in confusion :  
 That is the best; we may conclude from hence,  
 That is in Hell, and was in Innocence.

But



But I doe wonder at the fault so long  
That I deferre the punishment : my song  
Must to the Levite turne, or rather he  
No more a Song, but a sad Elegy.

He having carv'd his Love, as you have heard,  
And done that act, which Hell and Furies fear'd;  
Sends a choice piece to every Tribe, to plead  
Their injuries, and tell why the is dead :

*Benjamin* shall have one of them, lest he  
Might dare commit a crime, he durst not see,

A severall messenger to each Tribe is sent :

But he that unto Princely *Judah* went,  
Carying the head of the dismembred coarfe,  
With such a voice which sorrow had mad hoarse,  
(Least he should rave too highly) thus begins !  
Is there an Heav'n ? and can there be such sinnes,  
Stands the Earth still ? me thinks I hardly stand,  
Feeling the Seas inconstancy on Land.

After this Act, why flowes the water more ?  
Why does't not staine, which alwaies clear'd before ?

It is not Ayre we draw now, 'tis a breath  
Sent to infect us from the Land of Death :

The Fire, whose office 'tis to warme and shine,  
Growes blacke and downewards, as it did replie  
To see the fact, and sheds a kinde of teares,

Quenching his heat, because he cannot theirs.

Can you behold these eyes without a teare ?

Can you with patience longer thinke they were,

And are not the worlds wonder ? yet *Jerre*;

It is Revenge, and not a Teare fits her :

Let women weepe for women, then you shall

Shew you have sorrow'd heartily, if all

Doe sorrow which have injur'd her, and be

Examples, as of *Galias* so Misery.

*Gibeah*'twas (O'twas not *Gibeah*)

Credit me not, beleev not what I say,  
I scarce dare trust my selfe, and yet agen,  
*Gibeah*'twas that did this Fact : and then  
He tells them all, what I before have wept;

Now *Judah* stormes, and as a River kept  
From its owne course by Weares and Milles, if once  
It force a passage, hurries or'e the stones,  
Sweepes all along with it, and so alone  
Without stormes makes an Inundation :  
Such was the peoples fury, they're so hot  
That they will punish what we credit not,  
And be as speedy as severe : but some  
Who loath'd the bloody accents of the Drumme,  
Who thought no mischiefs of that foulness are,  
But that they gaine excuse, compar'd with warre,  
And warre with brethren; these, I say, of age  
The chiefe amongst them, doe oppose their rage,  
Exhort them to a temper : Stay, sayes one,  
And be advis'd before you be undone.  
Whence is this fury ? why d'ye make such hast  
To doe that act which you'l repent as fast ?  
Are any glad to fight ? or can ought be  
Mother of warre, beside Necessity ?  
Be not mistaken; brethren, take good heed,  
It is not Physicke frequently to bleed.  
He that for petty griefes incision makes  
Cannot be cur'd so often as he akes.  
Are then your sisters, daughters, wives too chaste ?  
Or are you sorry that as yet no waft  
Deformes your richer grounds ? or does it stirre  
An anger in you, that the souldier  
Mowes not your Fields ? Poore men, do you lament  
That still you are as safe as innocent ?

We

We yet have Cities proudly situate,  
We yet have people: be it not in fate  
That your esteeme of both should be so cheape  
To wish those carcasses and these an Heape.  
Me thinkes our Iordan hath an happier pace,  
And flowes with greater majesty and grace  
In his owne naturall wave, then if the sword  
Should higher colour to his streames afford;  
Should paint and so deforme it: to mine eye  
A River's better then a Prodigy.

But I desire, deere Countrymen, to know,  
Whose is the blood that we must lavishi so?  
Perhaps the *Philistins* ambition  
Would to our *Shiloh* bring their *Ascalon*,  
And these you would encounter: or 't may be  
Egypt still envying that you are free  
Intends a second bondage: or perchance  
Your daily conquer'd Enemies advance  
Their often flying ensignes, those at hand  
Possessors and destroyers of the Land;  
Whom God reserving for our future Pride,  
Left to our eyes as thornes, prickes to our side.  
No none of these, but all your swords intend,  
I grieve to speak't, the ruine of a friend:  
And all the sonnes of *Israel* doe presse  
That *Israel* may have a sonne the lesse.  
*Joseph* I've read suffer'd his brothers hate,  
(*Joseph* of neere acquaintance unto fate  
The mouth of Destiny,) they would kill him first  
But after sell him, to try which was worst:  
And yet no reason for this spleene appeares,  
But that his glory was beyond his years.  
To hate the yonger still is too much sinne;  
And after *Joseph* to spoile *Benjamin*.

Hath twelve no mystery? doe ye ascribe  
 Meerely to Chance, that there is no odd Tribe?  
 Trust me my brethren, they doe injure God,  
 Who say that he delights in what is odd:  
 I thinke 'tis parity best pleaseth heav'n;  
 And what is most just, loves what is most ev'n.

Doe I excuse them then to please the time,  
 And onely make an error of a Crime?  
 Am I sinnes Advocate? farre be't from me  
 To thinke so ill of Warre as Sodomy:  
 For Sodomy I tearme it, Justice calls  
 That, fact, which never into action falls,  
 If it hath past the license of the will:  
 And their intent reacht to that height of ill;  
 But whose intent? O pardon me, there be  
*Benjamites* spotlesse of that Infamy.  
 Shall these be ioyn'd in punishment? a sinne  
 You'd warre against, O doe not then beginne  
 To act a greater, as if you would see  
 Whether Injustice equall'd Luxury?  
 This madnesse was from *Gibeah*, 'tis true,  
 Yet some doe more distast the crime, then you,  
 Even in that City: heare then my advice,  
 And God shall prosper what you enterprize.  
 Exhort them to doe justice, if that then  
 They still be partiall to these guilty men,  
 Their guilt is greatest, let them perish all  
 And equall their offences with their fall.

Thicke acclamations breake off his discourse,  
 Theyle heare no more because they like't: Remorse  
 Ceizeth each conscience, they already hate  
 The civill warre, which they so wisht of late.

Embassadors by generall voice are sent:  
 But *Benjamin* conceits that to repent

Were

Were the worse sinne, and that who ere will doe  
A wicked act, he ought defend it too.

But are not we true *Benjamites* in this,  
And aggravate what ere we doe amisse  
By a new act? as if the second deed  
Excus'd the former, if it did exceed.  
Did we not thus, an end were come to warre;  
Did we not thus, no more should private jarre  
Molest our peace; Kings might put up their swords,  
And every quarrell might conclude in words;  
One conference would root out all debate,  
And they might then most love, who now most hate,  
The most sworne foes: for shew me, where is he  
Would seeke Revenge without an injury?  
A wrong receiv'd, or thought one? then no need  
But to deny, or to excuse the deed.

Why is Defence? O what doe they intend  
Who justifie those acts, which they should mend!  
O Pride! O folly! O extreme disease!  
O Fact, which he condemnes who practises!  
Who in his soule confesseth he offends,  
And yet doubles his guilt when he not ends,

Great crimes find greater patrons: impudence  
Followes each fault, to make us thinke that sense  
Hath fled us with our Vertue, and that men  
By such an hardnesse were turn'd stones agen.  
So wifes of Entertainment (who doe know  
More then one Husband) in the publicke: shew  
As vertuous as the best whilst undescry'd,  
Whilst they have this good left, that they will hide  
And veile o're their offences: but if once  
Either their husbands just suspicions,  
Or their security betray their fact,  
No more doe blush to answer, then to act,



As if 'twere meritorious, and so, did  
 Appeare no sinne no longer then 'twas hid.

Why should the bad be bold? why should there be  
 Audaciousnesse joyn'd to impiety?

Whence is this daring? Sinne was child to Night,  
 How dares he then approach and blast the light?  
 How dares he stand th' examining, and try  
 If men can find out his deformity?

I have the reason, we are flatterers all,  
 And to our selves the most; if any fall  
 Into grosse errors, still he thinks hee's free,  
 And Pride supplies the place of honesty.  
 He thinks tis good to have a vertuous name,  
 And cares not for the goodnesse, but the fame.

Which makes the *Beniamites* reply: we admire  
 (To say no more) at your so strange desire.

And at the craft on't most, that you pretend  
 Love and advice, when you subjection send:

Are we so stupid, and so senselesse growne  
 As to be thought not fit to rule our owne?

*Benjamin* was the youngest we confesse  
 Of *Jacobs* sonnes, and yet a sonne, no lesse  
 Then *Levi*, or proud *Judah*: he that gave  
 Life to each Tribe, intended none a slave,

Nor shall you make us. But youle say that you

Out of a generall love to goodnesse sue  
 For justice gainst her Enemies, 'Tis poore

If what we would we cannot cover o're

With specious pretences: tis an ill

Physicians part so to betray his pill,

That children may perceive its want of dresse,

And chuse disease before seene bitterness;

But let me tell you, who so ere do's deale,

In the affaires of a strange common-weale,

Is tyrannous or mad: he would be knowne  
Either anothers Lord, or's not his owne.

Yet what is't your grave Masters doe advise  
Our sleepey Councell of? whose duller Eyes  
See onely open vices: we have heard  
The Levite and his Concubine, we feard  
You'd have us punish him: then you relate  
That comming unto *Gibeah* some thing late,  
And willing to depart the earlier thence,  
He found his Chast one dead: O dire offence!  
She had the punishment she deserv'd, and just  
It was, that who had liv'd should dye by Lust.

And yet for feare Levits in time to come  
Might want such easie favourites, and some  
Would leaue their courteous trade, if there be found  
No cure, no remedy for such a wound:  
We are content to be severe: but then  
We doe expect, you name those guilty men.  
Our's the more hard and thanklesse taske I trow,  
For we will punish those whom you but show.

These mockes doe whet the Isra'elites so farre,  
Nothing remains now but a civill warre:  
When all the Tribes have unto *Mispah* ran,  
With such consent you'd thinke they were one man.

If warre had ever reason, or if men  
Had ere authority to kill others, then  
Certainly these, in so divine a cause,  
Twas not the peoples quarrell, but the Lawes.  
Here no ambition, no untam'd desire  
Of Principality, of growing higher,  
Put on these Armes, nor was it fault enough  
That *Benjamin* was rich, to raise these rough  
Spirits of *Mars*, nor is't a true surmise  
That private wrongs did cause these Enemies:

These

These fight the battel of the Lord, herein  
 Iustice on the one side fights, on th' other Sinne :  
 So that in height of blood, heat of the warres,  
 They rather Iudges are, then Souldiers.  
 The Israelites if they now spare, are shent,  
 The more they kill, the more they're innocent.  
 Our Age makes us againe these actions see,  
 An Age of warre, though not of victory.  
 For 'tis not victory to winne the Field,  
 Vnlesse we make our Enemies to yeeld  
 More to our Iustice, then our Force, and so  
 As well instruct as overcome our Foe  
 Call you that Conquest, or a Theft of State,  
 When in a Stranger region of late,  
 The Eagle built his nest, having expell'd  
 (Vpon a nicere pretence that he rebell'd)  
 The former Ayry, for no other cause,  
 But that his bill was strong, and sharpe his clawes.  
 To see the malice, and the power of hate,  
 That made ev'n the Elector Reprobate.  
 When *Cesar* did not sticke, nor blush to doe  
 What they detested, who advis'd him too,  
 When that all lawes their ancient force might loose,  
 He made a Choyce of him that was to Choose.

Now all occasions can perswade to fight,  
 When Power is misinterpreted for Right.  
 There is a Lust of killing men so great,  
 Rivers of blood can scarce asswage the heat  
 Our lives are cheaper then the lives of beasts,  
 Then those whose very being is for feasts;  
 Who have no use but for the throat : hard plight !  
 Anger not kills them, but our appetite.  
 If we have eaten once, we spare : and then  
 If we are full are kind : but to kill men

We

We have a lasting appetite, shedding blood,  
Our famine is increas'd ev'n by our food ;  
Such *Ersichtions* are we; they that have  
Unlimited desires, Death and the Grave  
But shadow this affection, and to it  
Compar'd, the Horse-leach wants an Appetite :  
It may be weighing mans high faculties  
(Which make him claime a kinred with theskies)  
Wee seeme to doubt of his mortality  
And onely strive to know if he can die.

Nor doe we care on what pretence (lest ought  
Should make our crime the lesse) no reason's sought  
To mitigate our fault, and we are thus  
So farre from good, we scarce are cautelous.

But 'tis a sore will fester, if you touch.  
Away my Muse, sometimes a truth's too much  
For Honour, or for safety : he alone  
Prosperes who flatters. But if any one  
Shall aske a colour, a pretence for this  
How such a multitude, such a swarme is  
Assenbled of the Israelites (for then  
There met at once foure hundred thousand men  
Against their brother *Ben'amin*,) whilst yet  
They had not dispossess'd the Canaanite,  
(There was a mixture not a Conquest made)  
How durst they then so foolishly invade  
Their brethrens Countrey, when they left their owne  
Subject to imminent destruction ?

Or when was this invasion made ? To me  
The Number hath a more Facility  
For credit, then the Time; doe we not finde,  
That *Israel* wanting Iudges was assignde  
To bondage, as to Anarchy ? they groane  
Vnder a forraigne yoke, wanting their owne.

Carries

Carries it any likelyhood ; or can  
It sincke into the fancy of a man,  
That when they were oppress'd, they should oppresse ?  
As full of folly as of savagenesse :

This were to perfect *Eglons* victory,  
And act what *Jabin* but desir'd should be.  
And yet it might be, *Joshua* being dead,  
Then was the time, the people lack'd an head :  
Who taking no care for posterity,  
Twas the worst act of *Joshua* to dye.

*Moses* deputed him, and if that he  
Had left another Governor, it might be  
Our Levite had beene chaste, and *Benjamin*  
Beene noted for his vertue; not his sinne.  
Then were those multitudes no miracle,  
And *Canaan* so oft beat by *Israel*,  
In likelihood would rest quiet, and expect  
If these would doe what they could not effect.  
Besides, their dwellings in the Valleys be  
So that their seat teaches humilitie :  
And then to climbe the mountaines was such paine  
As that the labour did exceed the gaine.

And thus you see, that they may fight, but ere  
Their enemies Countries by them wasted were,  
They to the Oracle repaire, to know  
If victory shall grace them, or their Foe.

Yet pardon me, I erre, they are so strong  
As that they would imagine it a wrong  
Done to their valor, if we should suppose,  
That they intreated conquest of their foes;  
No, being sure of victory, they aske  
Which of the Tribes shall undertake the taske  
Of the first onset, and the Tribes refus'd,  
Envy at *Judahs* choyce, as if abus'd,

And



And injur'd they esteem'd themselves, that they  
Should lose the dangerous honour of the day. (bred;

Such was their pride, such thoughts their Numbers  
Numbers, whose feare might strike the Enemy, dead:

Whose hands deserv'd a fiercer Enemy,

And matter of an higher victory.

With these they think, they might to *Memphis* passe,

And make the Egyptians know, what bondage was.

VVith these they thought with ease to force a VVay

(Though nature did oppose) to *India*.

And in a sawcy victory out-runne,

The primitive uprising of the Sunne.

How large are our desires ? and yet how few

Events are answerable ? So the dew

VVhich early on the top of mountaines stood

(Meaning at least to imitate a flood)

VVhen once the Sunne appeares, appeares no more,

And leaves that parch'd, which was too moist before.

That we are never wholly good ! that still

Mixt with our Vertue, is some spice of ill !

The Israe'lites are Iust, but they are Proud,

As if a lesser fault might be allowd

For punishing the greater; yet I'de know

VVhilst yet they might suffer an overthrow,

VVhy they rejoyce as if th'ad wonne ! or why

They have a Pride ere they have Certainty ?

Their numbers are incredible, 'tis true,

Yet multitudes have beene orecome by few :

Their army is compleat, 'tis right, but then

VVe know it is an army but of men.

Of future carkasses, so quickly some

They have no time to thinke of death to come :

To whom no starre a certainty does give,

That they at least to the next Field should live.

Four hundred thousand carcases; enough  
 To give the beasts a surfet, and allow  
 Fertility which Nature had deny'd  
 Vnto those Lands : So that their height of pride,  
 Of hope, of glory, and of all their toyle  
 Is to enrich the Land which they would spoile.

So thought the *Benjamites*, who though they saw  
 That Pow'r too was against them with the Law,  
 Yet resolutely they intend to die,  
 And such despaire gives them the victory.  
 They are not Cowards, yet, though they are bad,  
 They slay more numbers then wee'l thinke they had.

Whence comes this Courage to the Desperate ?  
 The bad me thinks should be effeminate,  
 And as the Bees ( the subject or the King )  
 Having abus'd it once, doe loose their sting :  
 And to inforce a Stoick unto laughter,  
 Being once too fierce, they are alwaies sluggish after  
 Converted unto Droanes, so it seemes fit  
 ( And not so much heavens Iustice, as its wit )  
 That who hath lost his Vertue once, should straight  
 Lose courage too, oppress'd with his owne weight.

The Israelites though amaz'd at this defeat,  
 Yet gather head, and to their Campe retreat;  
 There might you see Sorrow and Anger joyn'd,  
 Nor doe they grieve so much as they repin'd.  
 Here fathers weepe their onely sonnes, and there  
 Brothers for as deare losses dropp a teare,  
 Accompany'd with threatnings, they are mad  
 Till they bestow the sorrow which they had.

Once more to *Shiloh* they repaire, to heare  
 If God at last will aide them, and for feare  
 That it was pride did frustrate their first sute,  
 They're now as humble, as then resolute :

In stead of fighting they now weepe a day,  
Sighes they doe thinke and teares can make a way  
Where swords are uselesse, they'l gaine victory  
No longer by their hand, but by their Eye,

Great and iust God, sayes one, we doe confesse  
That all this heavy anger is farre lesse  
Then our deservings : should'st thou fully weigh  
Our sinnes enormity, 'tis nor a day  
Losse to the Foe, can expiate : did we feele  
What ere we saw in *Agypt*, did the steele  
Peirce deeper in our bowells, should the skes  
Shed those hot showers in which *Gomorrhah* fryes,  
We could not taxe the Iustice of our King,  
But after all, owe still a suffering.

Yet thou hast ancient mercies, we've beene told  
Of all thy courtesies, which were of old  
Shew'd to our Fathers; O vouchsafe them still,  
And make us heires of those : we have done ill,  
Prodigiously ill, there's no offence  
Which we are guiltlesse of, each conscience  
Accuseth, and amazeth us : yet now  
Our flinty hearts to a repentance bow :  
Yet now at last vouchsafe thy favour to us,  
And as thy rod hath scourg'd, let mercy wooe us;  
We dare not looke for victory : O no,  
Give us at leastwise a more vertuous Foe.

Thy wrath is just, great God, and 'tis our sute  
Onely just men thy wrath may execute.  
We beg not for our lives, they are thy loane  
Which when thou wilt receive, yet as thine owne.  
Let not their swords bereave us of our breath,  
And we shall find a benefit in death.

Yet what a glory can it be to thee  
That we are dead ? and that the Heathen see

Thy

Thy anger on thy Children ? that thy wrath  
 Instead of being left, is told in *Gath*,  
 And publisht in fierce *Ascalon*; spare us then  
 If not for us, yet for thy selfe; and when  
 Thou think'st of plaguing us, thy selfe exempt,  
 Since that our Ruine will breed thy contempt:  
 Let then thy mercy above justice shine;  
 If we are bad, consider we are thine.

Thus grumbled they a pray'r : and he that sees  
 Councells unhatch'd, and what he will, decrees,  
 (Yet ever justly) does perceive that they  
 VVhat ere they faine, doe murmur, and not pray.

VVhich he decrees to punish : they would know  
 VVhether that once more they shall fight or no ?  
 Once more he grants that they shall fight : and thus  
 They're not so craving, as he Courteous.  
 If they but aske him, he will not deny,  
 Fight's their desire, and then his answer's, I.  
 Had they but ask'd the victorie, as well,  
 He would have heard his troubled Israel :  
 He that deliver'd them from forraine armes,  
 And taught their weake hands to repaire their harms  
 VVith admirable victory, He I say  
 VVould have bestow'd the honor of the day  
 On them, had they desir'd it; they have knowne  
 How he hath warr'd for the from heaven, & shewne  
 Such miracles in their defence, they fright  
 Those whom they save, as when the wondring night  
 Thought herselfe banisht from the world (the Sunne  
 Standing unmov'd, forgetting how to runne,)  
 If they now lose the day, the fault is theirs,  
 God does no mercy want, they want right prayers.

But they suppose it too too fond to stand  
 Begging of that which is in their owne hand.

*This*

This they conceive were to mocke God, to crave  
That to begiv'n which they already have,  
A pow'r to use their armes : No, if once more  
They may have field-roome, may but fight it o're,  
Though Heav'n doe not fight for them, they suppose  
They cannot lose, if Heav'n doe not oppose.  
They thinke no chance can possibly bestow  
The foile on them, the Lawrell on the foe.  
What though they lost the praise of the first day,  
And fought as though they came to runne-away :  
Twas not for want of courage sure, but either  
The foe had got advantage of the weather  
Or else the wind had rais'd the dust so high  
That they suppos'd fresh enemies to be nigh,  
And fear'd to be environ'd round : what ere  
Occasion'd their first overthrow, no feare,  
No chance, shall cause another; and the slaves  
That now triumph, shall find their trenches, graves.

Is this their Crime alone, or doe not all  
Partake as of their fault, so of their fall ?  
*Israel* is not onely mad, there be  
Some vices which we give posterity,  
And this is one of them : O how vaine is man !  
O how his Reason too is but a spanne,  
And not his stature or his Age ! we have long  
Injur'd the beasts, and done them too much wrong,  
By calling them Irrationall; could they speake,  
Thus in rough language, they would fiercely breake  
Their mind unto us : O you onely wise  
To whom kind Nature hath imparted Eyes,  
Leaving all other blind; pardon if we  
Doe tell you where you have forgot to see,  
Where we are clearer sighted : can you show  
Where ever beasts did to that madnesse grow,



As to pronounce of that, which is to come,  
 Of that which onely seemes in Chances doome;  
 Yet thus you doe; and doing thus have shewne;  
 Reason's your title, our Possession.  
 The Israelites had to their cost of late  
 Found confidence to be unfortunate;  
 (Their confidence in Numbers) and yet still  
 (Though now contain'd in smaller roome) they will  
 Forespeake their victory : why, because they see  
 That they are many yet; poore vanity !  
 When they were more, they were o'recome, yet dare  
 Conceive a Conquest when they fewer are;  
 Because still some are to be kill'd : as though  
 Successe to Multitudes did homage owe,  
 And multitudes impair'd : as if the way  
 To winne another were to lose one day.

But had we seene the City now ! what joy  
 Raig'n'd in those streets, sufficient to destroy  
 Those whom it comforted (for pleasue too  
 Can find a way to death, and strangely doe  
 The worke of heavinessse and grieve) I say  
 Had we but seene the glory of that day :  
 The whooping, dancing, and the generall noyse  
 To which the sea and thunder are but toyes;  
 We should have thought it (so the sounds agree.)  
 No noise of Triumph, but Captivity.

At last they doe repose themselves, and one  
 Of highest judgement and discretion,  
 Instructs them thus : My dearest Countrymen,  
 Who ere intends his private ends, does pen  
 A speech unto the Eare, his study is  
 Which words sound wel, & which are thought amisse,  
 He tryes all wayes, he layes all colours on  
 To cheat the Iudgement, sooth the Passion,

So that he hopes at last that it must hit  
Either the subject, or the clothing it :  
But I whose end is Publike good, intend  
Nothing but that which caryes to that end :  
Pardon me then if I am harsh, and round,  
If that I am not Plausible, but sound.  
We wonne a victory last day, so great  
We hardly dare beleieve we were not beate :  
Our conquest easier was then our beleife;  
And with great reason too : for tell, what chiefe,  
What petty captaine is so vaine, so mad  
As to ascribe to his conduct the glad  
Event of last dayes hazard ? to my sence  
The Conqueror was onely Providence,  
And we but instruments : then I'd advise  
That as you have beene happy, you'd be wise :  
That man does still in greatest glory stand,  
Whose braine is better thought of then his hand;  
And so I wish that yours should be : we know  
That what is gain'd by Fortune is lost so,  
She hath no constant Favorite; then now  
Whilst yet our victory does meanes allow  
To purchase peace at our owne rate, and thrive  
By Covenant more then Battle : let us drive  
All thought of warre farre from us, tis in vaine  
To get that hardly, which we may obtaine  
By easier meanes, and he does more then rave  
Who hazards that which he may certaine have.  
More was he speaking, when a thousand tongues  
Made him be silent, one would thinke their linges  
To be unequall to that noyse, so fierce  
Their clamor is, such sounds the heavens doe peirce.  
So have I oft heard in our Theater  
(When that daintier passage wane the Eare)

A thousand tongues, a thousand hands rebound,  
(As if the Plaudite were in the sound,  
And most noise were most pleasing :) they expresse  
Their liking so, as these their frowardnesse.

Who rave from noise to action, one stoopes downe,  
To reach a stone, another fiercer clowne  
Shakes a steel'd Iavelin at him, all the hands,  
Against which *Israel* but weakely stands,  
Ayme now at one; who dreadlesse, unimpair'd  
In courage, neither wisht life, nor despair'd.  
Atlast a serious Counceller stood up;  
Much had he tasted of the liberall Cup,  
And thankfully exprest it in his face,  
To which a larger wound would be a grace  
By hiding his rich pimples: This brave man  
Raifes himselfe, and with what speed he can  
Stutters thus to them; Cease my noble boyes,  
Quiet your threatnings now, and stint your noyse.  
Tis a just anger you have showne, but yet  
The time in which you shew it is unfit.  
Now should we dance, my bloods, now should we sing,  
And make the wondring firmament to ring  
With joyfull acclamations; now brave spirits  
To shew the most joy, is to shew most merits.  
Sadnesse is onely Capitall: in fine,  
Now should we shed no blood but of the vine.  
For you Sir whom we doubly guilty see,  
Of Treason first, and then Philosophy,  
If these doe please, thus we pronounce: to shew  
How little we doe feare you, or the Foe,  
Wee'l send you first unto their campe, and then  
Wee'l fetch you by our conquest home agen.  
This is a mercy if well understood,  
You shall enjoy the fortune you thinke good.

Here

Here his breath failes : when all the people cry  
He hath spoke nobly, none this day shall dye.  
And yet the Traitor shall not scape at last,  
Whose execution is deferr'd, not past.

Tw'as neither peace, nor warre now, either side  
Having sufficiently their forces try'd,  
Take breath a while : O happy men, if still  
This mind continue in them ! If they kill  
Their appetite of killing ! if this rest  
Can at the last informe them what is best !  
To bury their slaine friends, both sides agree  
Vnto a two dayes truce : Stupiditie  
Not to be borne with ! had they knowne the use  
At first of that which they now call a truce,  
This truce had beene unnecessary, then  
They might have spar'd, whilst now they bury men.  
And that they now may bury, they intreat  
Respite a while from warre : thus all their heate  
Is buried for the time : good heav'n to see  
Th' Omnipotency of Necessity,  
Whom all the nearest ties of Neighbourhood,  
Religion, Language, nay of the same Blood  
Could not containe from fight, but that they would  
(To see if it were theirs) shed their owne blood,  
These are intreated to a forme of peace,  
Their fury for a day or two can ceate,  
Commanded by Necessity : they feare  
Lest th' Ayre by so much carcasse poysoned were :  
Lest to revenge the blood which they had shed,  
They now might feele the valour of the dead,  
Of strong corruptiō : these thoughts hold their mind  
These thoughts a while inforce them to be kind  
On both sides (for they doe not jarre in all)  
Nature prevailes not, but a Funerall,

Nor doth this long prevaile, for when they had  
 Interr'd some carcasses, they yet are mad  
 Till they have made some more, till they have done  
 A second fault, as not content with one,  
 They see their Error, and commit it, thus  
 Who are not eminently vertuous,  
 Are easily entrapp'd in vices snares,  
 And want the poore excuse, that unawares  
 They were engag'd; we greedily runne on  
 Offending with Deliberation.  
 And can you call this but Infirmitie?  
 Nick-name a Vice? O call it Prodigy.  
 Call it—O what? What name can well expresse  
 The miracle of humane guiltinesse?  
 Could he pretend an ignorance at least  
 And be in Nature as in Fact a beast,  
 He were not worse then they, then he might be  
 Both from the Use and fault of Reason free.

But what new horror seizeth me? what fire  
 Raignes in my thoughts, & prompts me to rise higher?  
 Hence you low soules, who groveling on the Earth  
 Basely deject your selves below your birth,  
 Sold to your senses: I intend to tell  
 What none can know but in whose breasts doe dwell  
 Coelestiall fires, and unto whom 'tis given  
 To have a neerer intercourse with Heav'n.  
 Yet pardon you pure soules, whom no one dares  
 Eas'd of our flesh, to trouble with our cares:  
 Pardon I once more aske, if my weake pen  
 Fitting it selfe to ordinary men,  
 Attaine not to your height (to us unknowne)  
 And give you those words which you shame to owne.

The Lawgiver, who saw as in a glasse  
 All in the Word, what ever twas did passe



In these neer enmities, as farre as Man  
 Perfectly happy knowes a grieffe, began  
 To feele Compassion : Have I then said he  
 Deliver'd *Israel* for this misery ?  
 And did I free them from the *Egyptian*  
 Onely to find them graves in *Canaan* ?  
 I did foretell their Land shall overflow,  
 But never thought to be expounded so;  
 Never with blood : I meant that they should have  
 More blessings then the covetous can crave,  
 The flowing Vdder, and the untir'd Bee,  
 An happy Deluge of Fertility.  
 O how would now proud *Pharaoh* rejoyce !  
 How he would have a joy beyond a voyce,  
 Beyond his tyranny, could he but know  
 What *Israel* does indure without a Foe !  
 Was it for this I did so oft repeat  
 Wonders before him, wonders of so great  
 Exuberance of powre, so highly done,  
 That they contemne all admiration ?  
 How wert thou *Nilus* bloody'd into Red,  
 Thy waters as unknowne as is thy Head ?  
 When all thy finny progeny did find  
 That to destroy now, which did breed their kind,  
 When by a nimble death they understand,  
 The River as discourteous as the Land ?  
 Can I forget that when I did bestow  
 A liberty as heretofore to flow  
 Vnto thy now pale waters, there did passe  
 An issue stranger then his Colour was  
 From the top fertil river ? Frogges are found  
 With such a multitude to hide the ground  
 That there's no grasse appeares, no corne is seene.  
 The spring does blush because he lookes not Greene.

Their numbers and their noise equally harsh  
Make Egypt not a Region but a Marsh.  
What a small portion of my acts where these ?  
How scarcely to be counted passag :s  
In my large story ? Dust is chang'd to Lice  
And now beginnes to creepe, which the most nice  
And curious eye before could never find  
To move at all, unlesse't were by the winde :  
Which could not scatter those thicke clouds of Flyes  
That would not let them, no, not see the skyes.  
When I but threaten, all the cattle dye,  
And Egypts Gods find a Mortality.  
But lest the men should thinke that they were free  
From the fault too, if the Calamity,  
I taught their bodies with blacke goare to runne,  
And imitate their soules corruption.  
What was a Face, is now a pimple growne,  
And in each part is plentifully sowne  
A store of blaines, so ugly, that to me  
It was a kind of Iudgement but to see.  
And if this were but little, was't not I  
That call'd those candy'd pellets from the sky,  
Which in a moment overwhelming all  
Did badly change their colour in their fall :  
And by the murthering every one they found  
Within their reach came red unto the ground ?  
When to repaire the numbers they had slaine  
(Beasts of all sorts) the land is fill'd againe,  
But tis with Locusts, such a swarme they see  
Made for the shame of all their Husbandry,  
That they could wish, so they were rid of these,  
The former Murrein, ere this new increase.  
But who can tell the following Prodigy ?  
Last day the Earth was hid, but now the sky

Chaos returnes, the Sunne hath lost his rayes  
And Nights obscurity is turn'd to Dayes.

Who could a greater miracle afford ?

God made the Light, I Darknesse by a Word,  
Which had it lasted, had it ne'r beene spent,  
They would have call'd it a kind punishment,  
They had not seene then their first borne to dy,  
To challenge death by their Nativity :

All this I did, but why ? was it to see

My people suffer fuller misery ?

To gaine the Country which they could not hold,  
From which their owne armes ignorantly bold  
Expell their owne selves : O let no man tell  
That *Israel* did banish *Israel*.

My prayers forbid, nor let it ere be said  
That *Moses* was unkind since he was dead,  
That in the grave I left my goodnesse too;  
And could not pity when not feeble a woe.

Having said this, with all the speed he may  
He seekes out holy *Abraham*, who that day,  
By his deere *Isaac* seconded did sing  
The ancient mercies of their heavenly King.  
One tells how having now worne out a life, ?  
And so being fitter for his Grave then Wife,  
Nay then when she had liv'd unto those yeares,  
To be accounted with the Grandmothers,  
When *Sara* now was so unweildy growne,  
Her legges could scarcely beare her selfe alone,  
She beares another burthen, and does swell  
Not with a child, but with a Miracle.

This said, he stops; and then againe goes on  
No more with story, but Devotion.

O praise the Lord my soule, let me not find  
My body was more fruitfull then my mind.

O let that teeme with thankfulness, and be  
Made sweetly pregnant by my memory.

Father, sayes *Isaac*, I have often heard  
That we doe tell with Ioy what we have Feard,  
And what in suffering terrifies our sense,  
Does in relating please: what violence  
Of blisse possesseth me when I compare  
My dangers past with joyes that present are!  
Methinkes I yet carry that fatall wood  
(A burden which I hardly understood  
Should carry me) me thinkes I still enquire  
Where is the sacrifice, and where the fire?  
How little did I thinke, or feare till then  
That God commanded sacrifice of men!  
How little could I guesse in any part  
That God in such sort did desire the Heart!  
Yet pardon Father, if you now must know,  
Your silence seem'd more cruell then your blow:  
Could I oppose my mind against your will,  
Or wish him spar'd, whom you decreed to kill?  
Wherefore was as all this circumstance? what need  
But first to tell, and then to act the deed?  
I never knew what disobedience meant,  
And your distrust was my worst punishment,  
I must confesse I was amaz'd, my blood  
Congeal'd within me, and my faint haire stood  
Yet not for feare of death (Death was my profit)  
But for the manner and the Author of it.  
Was this the heav'nly promise? and must I  
So strangely borne, somewhat more strangely die?  
What should I say now? or what should I doe?  
That frustrate by my death Gods promise too.  
Should I invoke Heav'ns ayde? alas, from thence  
Came the injunction for this violence:

Should

Should I implore my fathers helpe? why, he  
Would sooner hearken unto heav'n then me.  
And so he did: for when the trembling sword  
As if he knew the temper of his Lord  
Threatned a death, most fortunately then  
He that did arme you did disarme agen;  
Shewing your will was all he did require,  
Commanding you to that you most desire,  
To be againe a Father: O the power  
And mercy of our God! who in an houre,  
Who in a minute, can make all things well,  
Can bring and then deliver out of Hell.

These were their Accents, when that *Moses* sayes,  
It is an holy businesse to praise,  
To magnifie our Lord, so to goe on  
In the intent of our Creation.  
To this all times, all reasons doe obey,  
And we may praise as often as we pray.  
But now let's change these tones, let us be mute  
In all discourses now, but in a suite;  
Let us at once conjoyne our prayers, and see  
If our one God will hearken unto three.  
Your issue, and my charge, whom I have led  
Thorow those paths that never man did tread.  
(As if they fear'd a scarcity of foes)  
Doe their owne selves against themselves oppose,  
And their destruction (unlesse we repaire  
Sooner to ayde them) will prevent our pray'r.

It was a place above the Ayre, the Sky,  
Whither Man cannot reach, not with his Eye,  
Nay if th' exactnesse of the height be sought,  
Whither Man cannot reach, not with his thought.  
Beyond the place where haile, and raine doe growe,  
Above the chill-white treasures of the snow;

To



To which compar'd the starry heav'n is fell  
 Vnto a neerer neighbourhood with Hell.  
 And when I shall of Gods abode intreat  
 It does become his prospect, not his seat.  
 To which compar'd, the Chrystall heav'n does meet  
 With Earth, to be a stoole unto his feet,  
 This was the Place (yet pardon 'twas not so,  
 Places are things which onely bodies know,  
 Our bounds of Ayre, from which the heav'ns are free  
 As from Corruption and Mortality)  
 But here it was His sacred throne did stand,  
 Who with a word created Sea and Land:  
 Who with a word was Maker of his Throne,  
 Who till he made it never wanted one.  
 Bring me the richest goldsmiths treasures  
 (Those baites that doe allure our hearts and eyes)  
 The dusky Sapphire, the Pearle richly white,  
 The sparkling Diamond, yellow Chrysolite,  
 Or if there be a gemme Nature hath fram'd,  
 Of so high price that Art hath never nam'd,  
 Ransacke the *Inga's* tombes, where there doth lie  
 With their corrupted dust their treasury:  
 (Who to that pretty bounty doe attaine  
 That they bestow their gold on earth againe.)  
 Search me their graves, or if you fearfull be  
 Of treasure guarded by Mortality,  
 Rob all the mines fenc't with so many barres,  
 (Where Nature in the Earth hath fancy'd starres,  
 Whose luster lest our weaknesse cannot beare  
 Her kinder wisdome made her store up there)  
 Bring these unto the view, to an exact  
 Figure, which *Phidias* durst call his act:  
 Yet to this throne compar'd, it will appeare  
 So farre from shining, it will scarce looke cleare.

Here

Here does the Ancient of dayes disclose  
 The glory of his Majesty to those  
 To whom he daignes his presence, who enjoy  
 At full, what would a weaker eye destroy :  
 Whose blisse shall never have a period,  
 Who therefore live because they see their God,  
 How could I ever linger, ever dwell  
 In this so blest Relation ! O how well  
 Should I esteeme my selfe entranc'd; if I  
 By staying here should lose my History !  
 Here thousand thousands wait upon his call  
 Of humane servants, and Angelicall,  
 And such a multitude invest his throne  
 (Millions of Spirits waiting upon One,)  
 That it may be we should not say amisse,  
 Their Number stranger then their Nature is :  
 Here sound the Hallelujahs, here the Quire  
 Of Heav'n is high, and full as their desire :  
 No voice is here untun'd, they doe not find  
 A jarre, more in the sound, then in the mind.  
 Their power of singing growes on with their song;  
 And they can longer sing, because thus long;  
 Thus here themselves they fully strengthned see,  
 To a melodious eternitie.

Here *Abraham* presents himselfe; and sayes  
 O thou above the injury of Dayes;  
 Who making Times art subject unto none,  
 Who giv'st all knowledge, and art never knowne;  
 Who in my dayes of flesh didst gladly lend  
 An eare unto my suite, and wouldst not bend  
 Thy plagues against thine enemies, untill  
 I knew th' intent, and thou hadst askt my will,  
 The will of me poore mortall, nay farre worse  
 Of me a sinner then, the ancient curse

Stucke

Stucke deeply in me, that I might have feard  
 My faults, and not my pray'r should have been heard:  
 Could I speake then, and am I silent now?  
 Did *Sodom* move, and cannot Israel bow?  
 O pardon me if I bewaile their state,  
 If I their Father prove their Advocate,  
 Didst not thou promise when I had giv'n ore  
 All hope of Father, when I wisht no more  
 Then a contented Grave, that then from me,  
 Should come so numerous a progeny:  
 That all the cleerer army of the sky  
 And the thicke sands which still unnumbred lye  
 Should come within account before my seed,  
 Which not my *Sara*, but thy truth should breed:  
 How oft I thought that promise did include  
 Their lasting too as well as multitude;  
 That their continuance should be as sure,  
 As long as either sands or starres indure.  
 If they have sinn'd, thou know'st they may repent  
 And be the better by a punishment,  
 Never by Ruine: O then use thy rod  
 Thinke that they are thy People, thou their God.  
 And if they are so, O then let not be  
 Any more strife, but who shall most serve thee,  
 If they are so, let *Abraham* once more  
 Receive those children which thou gav'st before.

Now they have left their heav'nly ecchoing,  
 Now all the Quire does wonder and not sing,  
 When from th' eternall Majesty are heard  
 Speeches, which all but the dread Speaker fear'd.

Am I as Man that I should change? or like  
 The sonne of man to threaten and not strike?  
 If I pronounce my wrath against a Land  
 Shall that continue, and my word not stand?

If I doe whet a sword, shall it be blunt,  
And have no direr sharpnesse then t'was wont?  
*Benjamins* crime h'as such an horror in't,  
(Who have confirm'd their faces like a flint  
Against all dye of modesty) that till  
Their blood (which now their too hot veines doe fill)  
Flow in their fields, till that their numbers be  
Of as small note as is their Chastity,  
It shall not be remitted: yet to shew  
That I can pay that which I doe not owe,  
A remnant shall escape: but for the rest,  
(Those other Tribes which boast they are the best.)  
And yet to verifie their goodnesse lesse;  
Speake, as if they were injur'd by successe,  
So making the fault mine: who therefore have  
Beene lib'ral benefactors to the grave  
By their thicke deaths: untill that I doe see  
A confirm'd truth of their humility,  
They shall not see a victory: Ile make  
*Benjamin* punish these, and after take  
Vengeance on the Revengers, till they see  
My mercy hath not spent mine Equity.  
This I pronounce, this is my constant will.

Now all the holy company doe fill  
The heav'ns with shouts of praise, and loudly cry  
All Honor, Glory, Power to the most High.

But now the Israelites once more have brought,  
Their troopes into the field, once more have fought;  
And whether 'twas the fault of them that led,  
Or of the Soldier, once more they have fled:  
And now because their battle was not long  
I will not be more tedious in my Song.

## Canto. III.

## The Argument.

*The Levites vision, Phineah's Prayer,  
The Israelites late caus'd despaire  
Now turn'd to courage, when by them  
A new invented stratagem  
Drawes the enemy from the walls,  
Untill within their net he falls,  
With the full righting of the wrong  
Does both conclude, and crowne my Song.*

**W**hen will Vice faile? whe shall we see th'event  
Of wicked acts as bad as the Intent?  
As yet the worst are prosperous, and worse,  
The good as yet have never miss'd their curse:  
Review the Levites wife, and you shall see  
When she had forfeited her honesty,  
Her father entertain'd her; but once more  
When she was come to what she left before,  
Her Lord and Vertue, when that all her strife  
Shall be to gaine the name of a good wife,  
*Gibeah* will not harbour her; O poore!  
*Gibeah* were guiltlesse had it done no more:  
But *Gibeah* will murder her; review  
The Campe awhile, and that th' campe is true  
Which was in her; Twice had that army try'd  
The valour of their enemies, and twice dy'd  
The fields with their best blood, so hardly crost  
That they have fought no oftner then th' have lost:

And



And yet their cause was best : neither were they  
 The onely people which have lost the day,  
 Which they deserv'd to winne : search the records  
 Of every Age, and every Age affords  
 Examples of like strangenesse : who can tell  
 What the *Assyrian* did to *Israel*?  
 How in despite of all their lofty towers,  
 (Which hop'd a standing to the last of hours)  
 He made one houre their last: unlucky howre, (power,  
 Where vice shew'd what't could do when it had  
 The sword did sport with lifes, nor were they such  
 Whose losse or preservation did not much  
 Pertaine unto the State : but the Kings sonnes  
 In the same time, the same Pavilions,  
 By the same tyrant are inforc'd to die,  
 And which exceeds all, in their father eye,  
 Poore *Zedekiahs* kingdomes first is gone  
 And then his heyre's, O harsh inversion I  
 If he had lost them first, it might be thought  
 His kingdomes losse would not have mov'd him ought  
 He would have made the best of th' other crosse  
 Esteeming it an easing, not a losse.  
 As he might now to be depriv'd of sight  
 When he should covet the kind screene of Night,  
 Betweene his woes and him : if in his mind  
 He saw, it was a blessing to be blind :  
 That then he should be forc't to see no more  
 When he could not see what he saw before,  
 This *Israel* suffer'd, and this *Asbur* did,  
 And yet I dare affirme it was not hid  
 No not from *Asbur* ev'n in his owne doome  
 That they were better who were overcome,  
 Or if the goodnesse to his side he drawes,  
 Tis that his sword was better, not his cause

I could goe on in presidents as true,  
 Actions betweene the Heathen and the Jew,  
 Betweene the Turke and Christian : but what need  
 To shew there is no birth without a seed ?  
 No speech without a tongue ? or if there be  
 More truths of such knowne perspicuity.

How doe they doate then, who would tye the Lord  
 To be so ayding to his childrens sword,  
 As that he ne're should use his owne, nor doe  
 Any one act, but what they wish him too ?  
 Are they so good ? or is his love so fond  
 As of a courtesie to make a bond ?  
 Shall they indent with him ? and say thus farre  
 Thou maist correct, but if thy judgements are  
 Of longer date, they are unjust ? for shame  
 (All ye that glory in a purer Name,)   
 Hence those blasphemous thoughts, far hence remove,  
 Lest they deserve the plagues they would reprove.  
 Is it injustice to suppress our pride,  
 To bring unto our eyes what we would hide,  
 Ev'n from our selves, our close deformities ?  
 Or, may not God, to shew how he does prize  
 His servants labours, make them thus appeare,  
 As does the Sunne after a cloud, more cleare ?  
 His judgement certainly wee'l say's too quicke,  
 Who'l prove one bad because he sees him sicke;  
 These judgements are diseases, and bestowd  
 At pleasure, and not where they most are ow'd :  
 Yet due they are where ever they are found,  
 Since there are none so Catholically found,  
 But in a word, but in a thought have strayd,  
 Perhaps in those Afflictions, when th'ave wayd  
 Their deeds and sufferings, which they thinke to be  
 Of farre more rigor then Equality.

Then

Then courage noble Countrymen, nor feare,  
Though you should want successe a while, to reare  
Your names up to your ancestors, (who did  
Those acts which now were better to be hid:  
Lest that they should upbraid us) doe not feare  
That *Spaine* is neerer the Almightyes Eare  
Then our devotions: he that could bestow  
A victory after a second blow  
Vpon the doubting Israelites, can still  
Create our better hopes ev'n out of ill,  
Or if he doe not, if he have decreed  
That our just plague shall be their unjust deed:  
That *Israel* shall be once more overcome,  
And *David* flie away from *Absalom*:  
Yet let this glad us in our chiefeft woe,  
Man may be good and yet unhappy too.

Now are they truly humbled, now although  
No curious eye could guesse their overthrow  
When he had seene their numbers, yet at length  
They will rely upon another strength,  
Or if to numbers they will trust agen,  
'Tis to Gods numerous mercies, not their men,  
He can deliver (they have seene) by few,  
And they doe thinke it possible and true  
That he can help by many too, they find  
Without him all their actions full of wind,  
Of emptinesse, and with him they not doubt  
To be as well victorious as devoute,  
Now Pride hath left them, now they goodnesse yeeld;  
Now have they lost their vices with the field,  
Such holy lessons doe misfortunes teach,  
Which make our once bad thoughts bravely to reach  
At Heav'n and glory: if you marke it well  
Whilst yet it was a populous *Israel*

It was a proud one too, but when that now  
 God lookes upon them with an angry brow,  
 When all their troopes halfe weary and halfe sicke,  
 Are growne to easier Arithmeticke,  
 Th'are truly penitent; hence we may see  
 The pow'r, the good pow'r of Adversitie,  
 W'are bad if we are happy, if it please  
 Heav'n to indow us with a little ease,  
 If riches doe increase, untill our store  
 Meet our desires, till we can wish no more,  
 If that our garners swell (untill they feare  
 Ruine from that with which they furnisht were)  
 We but abuse these benefits : our Peace  
 Brings forth but factions, if that strangers cease  
 To give us the affront; our selves will be  
 Both the defendant, and the Enemy.  
 Our riches are our snares, which being giv'n,  
 To man, to make a purchase of the heav'n,  
 We buy our ruine with them, the abuse  
 Is double, in the getting, and the use,  
 So that our summes unto such heaps are growne  
 When Avarice succeeds Oppression.  
 In brieft, our garners so well stuff'd, so cramm'd,  
 Detaine our Corne, as if that it were damn'd,  
 To everlasting prison, none appeares,  
 And thus we give dearth to the fruitfull yeares :  
 Being to such a proud rebellion growne,  
 Famine is not heav'n's judgement but our owne,  
 So wretched are we, so we skilfull grow  
 In crimes, the which the heathen doe not know.  
 We wrong God for his blessings, as if thus  
 We then werethankfull, if injurious.  
 Why should not mercy winne us ? why should we  
 Be worse by that, whence we should betterd be ?  
Blessings

Blessings were ne're intended for our harme,  
Nor should the snake have stung, when he was warme  
Him that had warm'd him. O how base is man!  
How foolish Irreligion has wanne  
Vpon his reason too! Doe we not say  
That hee's a beast, whom onely stripes can sway.  
O what is man then! who ne're heares his Lord,  
Till that the famine call him, or the sword.  
Who (as he meant to tyre his patient God)  
Yeelds not unto his favours, but his rod.  
And can we yet intreat him to be kind,  
To alter his, when wee'l not change our mind?  
If we are heard, we will offend agen,  
And all our pray'r does but intreat a Sinne.

Thus pray'd the Israelites, but if th'are heard  
If he that made them scorn'd, will make them feard:  
It is in chance, no, tis as sure as fate,  
Having forgot their misery of late  
They will rebell againe: like those good hearts  
Who though they know the paines, the many smart  
Which fruitfulnessse is fruitfull with, still give  
Death to themselves, to make their issue live:  
And if they scape this death, they try againe,  
And boldly venture for a second paine,  
As iftwere pleasure, or as if they meant  
Rather to dye, then to be continent.  
Thus have we seene a barren, sandy soyle  
(Made onely for the husbandmans sad toyle  
And not his profit) when the full heav'n powres  
His moisture downe, easing himselfe by showres,  
Drown'd with the drops, to make us understand  
A figure of the Sea upon the Land;  
When once those drops are spent, when that the sky  
Smiles with his new restor'd serenitie,



Swifter then thought, before that we can say  
 This was the place; the water's gone away,  
 Theres a low Ebbe, againe we see the Land  
 Changing its moisture for its ancient sand.

Yet he that knowes this their infirmity,  
 At last will pittie it, and from on high,  
 (When now their thoughts of war they will adjourne  
 When there's no talke now, but of their returne)  
 Hee'l hinder it by victory : with that  
 (About the time that pitchy night had gat  
 The conquest of the day, of which being proud  
 He wrapt himselfe within his thickest cloud,  
 Thinking perhaps his conquest to be voyd,  
 If any saw the triumphs he injoyd)  
 Vnto our Levite he a vision sends  
 Clad in her dearest shape, in whom he ends  
 All thoughts of Fancy : Whom when he had seene  
 (And quickly he had spy'd her) Fairest Queene  
 Of heav'n, he sayes, what is there here on earth  
 That could perswade thee to a second birth,  
 This to appeare agen ? needs must thou know  
 (For ignorance belongs to us below  
 Excluded out of heav'n) that our sad state  
 Is for its goodnes prov'd unfortunate;  
 That *Benjamin* is conqueror, and that we  
 Could not revenge, but onely follow thee :  
 Nor was't one losse, one petty overthrow  
 Hath daunted us, but 'as if fate would shew  
 All her choyce malice on us, we have try'd  
 How many wayes 'twas possible t'ave dy'd.  
 Beleeve it, heavenly one, no cowardise  
 (Which heretofore being base, is now tearmd wise)  
 Lost us the day, no providence, no zeale  
 Nor that (which can the maymes of actions heale)

Councill,

Councell, and grave advice was wanting to us : (us  
Only the heav'ns, which we had thought would weoe  
To prosecute thy vengeance, and from whence  
We look'd for daies, like a good conscience  
Shining and cleare, with cruelty unheard  
Give vs an overthrow for a reward;  
That we can onely (such our wretched fate)  
Deplore the losse, which we should vindicate.

Is this your Iustice heav'ns? nay I would know  
If it at least be wisdom, thus to show  
Your wrath upon you followers? if there be  
Such a desire in you to make us see  
What powre you have, wherefore d'ye not use  
That powre on those, who impiously abuse  
Vs and your selves? O there are heathen still,  
People that neither feare, nor know your will,  
If you will ruine these, or any wise  
But lessen, y'ave the fewer Enemies :  
On these be powerfull; but if you doubt  
Whether such nations may be singled out,  
That sinne hath fled the world, then here begin,  
For all the Heathen are in *Benjamin*.

Are we the onely faulty? or am I  
Pickt out for eminent Iniquity?  
All lights on me, twas I that rayd these warres,  
Twas I that this thicke people like to starres,  
Have lessend into Number; I alone  
Merit both peoples curses joynd in one.

*Benjamin* does detest me, and I guesse  
*Israels* hatred is more close, not lesse.  
What shall I doe, what course is to be tryde?  
When safe I cannot goe, nor safe abide?

No more sayes she, nor foolishly conclude  
To give complaints in stead of gratitude

Wee're heard my deare, and he at whose command  
 The earth will learne to move, the heav'n to stand  
 Fast as the Center, who brings downe to hell,  
 And out of deeper mercies (which to tell  
 Would pose the that they blesse) brings backe againe,  
 Making the pleasure greater by the paine,)   
 Hath crown'd our wishes; O joyfully good!  
 Not to be had on earth, nor understood:  
 Heav'ns high superlative, for unto me  
 Revenge is better then Aternity.

Revenge upon Gods enemies: know my deare  
 (And know that thou must doe what thou shalt heare)  
 It is the will of heav'n, when once the skye  
 Is proud of the next mornings livery,  
 All *Israel* should meet, where what shall fall  
 Iust with our wishes, or exceed them all,  
 I must not now discover, yet thus much  
 I dare deliver (my affection's such)  
 A truth, that is confest as soone as heard,  
 That he who knew to plague, knowes to reward,

Our Levite wakes, but stretching out an arme  
 He feels nobody, no, nor no place warme  
 To prove she had beene there, he thinkes 't may be  
 No vision, but a birth of Phantasie:  
 An issue of a troubled braine that fram'd  
 Formes to it selfe which Nature hath not nam'd:  
 Have I not flame enough he sayes, but still  
 Is it my office and my curse to kill?  
 Twas but a dreame injoyn'd me to be bad,  
 A dreame, a vapour, and am I so mad  
 For nothing to be monstrous, and commit  
 A crime, that men shall feare to dreame of it!  
 But can I disobey what it hath pleas'd  
 Heav'n to command me? O how I am ceag'd

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With strange extremes ! nor readily can tell  
Whether this Revelation should dwell  
Clos'd in my brest; or whether I goe on  
As counting it a Revelation :

There may be guilty silence, if we feare  
In the affaire of heaven to wound an eare  
With threatning Rhetoricke; this will not be  
Excus'd by a pretence of modesty :  
Rather twill prove the judgement of just heav'n,  
We shall receive the doome we should have giv'n,

Now all the people know what he hath heard,  
Now they have all their forwardnesse declar'd  
In sacrifice, when *Phineas* appears,  
One that had lived unto so many years;  
He knew not how to count them, and that knew  
The Desert wonders, and could prove them true  
By his owne sight, that could the more ingage  
Men to beleieve, not by his tongue, but age.  
Nay I have heard some having duely waigh'd  
How long in that high office he had stayd,  
Conceive they may affirme without a checke,  
Him of the order of *Melchisedec*;  
And prove (as onely judgeing what they see)  
Their Priesthoods, by their Priests eternity.

Who having enter'd, all the people bow'd :  
(For 'twas not yet as perfect zeale allow'd  
To be irreverent to their Priest, that name  
Which now is prov'd a title but of shame,  
Then was the badge of glory) he indeares  
Himselfe, more by his office, then his yeares,  
To those, who thinke these two can ne'r agree,  
To scorne the Priest, and serve the Deitie.

Before the Altar his weake knees he bends,  
Which age before, but now devotion sends

Vnto the ground, where with a voice so low,  
That he could onely heare it, who could know  
What it would have before it spake, he thus  
Whisper'd a prayer;

*King of Heaven, of Earth, of Seas,  
And of men exceeding these :  
Thou that when thy people ranne  
From the proud Egyptian,  
Leadst them through a liquid path  
Safe, and scarce wet, when thy wrath  
Wonderfully made them know,  
Twas a Sea unto the foe.  
Thou that when the heat, the sand  
Of a barren thirsty land,  
Made our tongues be so confin'd  
To our rooves, they scarce repin'd,  
But in secret, so that we  
Onely fear'd a blasphemy.  
Thou then by a powerfull knocke  
Mad'st a Sea within a Rocke,  
And gav'st Israel to know  
For them drought should overflow :  
Thou art still the same, and we  
Stand in the same need of thee,  
Pardon then if we presume  
To an hope, and so assume  
Courage to us, when we joyne  
Our wants to that power of thine.  
Yes our wants, for we can find  
None of merit, w<sup>e</sup> have declin'd  
Ev'ry good way, and have still  
Beene ambitious of ill,  
So that when we are exact,  
And have all our good deeds ratke*

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*To the highest rate, ther' snone  
Dares appeare before thy throne :  
Onely this desert we see,  
Continuance of adversity.  
Nay such monsters have we bin,  
Such proficients in each sinne,  
That we durst not looke on heav'n,  
Nor intreat to bee forgiv'n.  
Hadst not thou vouchsaf'd to doe  
What our wishes reacht not to :  
Hadst not thou vouchsaf'd to be  
Tutor to our Infancy :  
And bestow'd when we were mute  
Both our prayer and our sute.*

*O the Courteous*

*Respect heav'ns beares us ! Scarcely had he done,  
Scarce finisht his impos'd devotion,  
When on the sudden ere you could have said  
The Priest had sacrific'd, or he had pray'd,  
Through all the Campe a light was spread, to this  
Compar'd, the Sunn but a darke body is :  
And in respect of so divine a light  
Our day is honor'd, if he be tearmd night,  
Nor this alone, but that they there might see  
And feare their God in his full Majesty,  
Such voyces and such thunders fright the Ayre,  
That they suppose they want another prayer  
To be assur'd from them, so they declar'd  
They were afraid to heare, that they were heard.  
Downe on the pavement every knee is fixt,  
Some groveling on their faces, when betwixt  
Astonishment and hope, whilst yet they doubt  
What all this preface meanes, and whilst the roare  
Fear'd*

Fear'd judgements which they merited, they heare  
 A voice for which they wish a larger care,  
 It was so sweetly mercifull : *Once more*  
*Goe up* (it sayes) *and though that heretofore*  
*I ave had the worst : yet thus my sentence stands*  
*Ile now deliver them into your hands.*  
 Have you beheld how some condemn'd to dy,  
 When they were fitted for *Eternity*,  
 When life they did despise, and all below,  
 Receiv'd a pardon, when they fear'd the blow  
 That should unman them, have you seene them then  
 Almost forgetting that they were but men;  
 How to expresse their mind they want a word,  
 Ioy having done the office of the sword,  
 And made them speechlesse? then you may in part  
 Conceive the wonder of their joy; which Art  
 Confesseth it exceeds her power to show  
 At full, which onely they that have can know.

Thus brave *Corvinus*, then whom fame nere knew  
 Any that to an higher vertue grew,  
 When once it pleas'd Fortune to leave her frowne,  
 Made an exchange of Fetters for a Crowne,  
 Thus, not to seeke a forreigne president,  
 Our *Henry*, whom the Heav'ns courteously sent  
 To set a period to our Civill broyles,  
 To joyne both Roses : after many foyles,  
 Receiv'd and conquer'd, after he had seene  
 Himselfe an Exile, who a Prince had beene,  
 When banishment was envy'd him, when nought  
 Would please his Enemy, unlesse he bought  
 His death of him that harbour'd him; ev'n then,  
 To foole the projects of the cunning'st men,  
 This wither'd root begins afresh to spring,  
 And from a banisht coarfe revives a King.

Thus

Thus (not to seeke out a stale president,  
Mentioning mercies after they are spent,  
And lost in story) *Englands* present Ioy  
(Whom Fate can onely threaten, not annoy,)  
How hath he try'd variety of griefe!  
How beene in dangers, as in Rule our Chiefe;  
That when there is a speech of suffering,  
He is no lesse our Patterne, then our King.  
The Seas spoke loud, yet if we rightly poyse,  
There was more danger, where there was lesse noyse:  
Yet was he freed from both, when in mans eye,  
Successe had seem'd to smile on Trechery.

These are your wonders, Heav'n, and not so much  
Favours, (although the Favour too be such,  
That it does pose our gratitude, and so  
Onely proclaimes that we are made to owe  
Our proverty of merit) to be short,  
Th'are not so much your Favours, as your Sport.  
You in an instant rayse, whom we would sweare,  
Nayl'd to the Earth, him that had left to feare,  
More then he suffer'd, that had beene so long  
Acquainted with ill lucke, with such a throng  
Of misadventures, that he does not know  
VVhat it is to be free from them, and so  
This courteous intermission he expounds  
Rather a Change then Cure of his neer wounds:  
You in an unthought Minute can depresse,  
VVhom we beleeve in league with Happinesse.  
And as upon the Stage we oft have seene,  
Him act a Beggar, who a King hath beene:  
For no default, but that the Poets art  
Thought at that time he best would fit that part:  
So in our serious Theaters, when you please  
Kings are as varying persons as are these,

Onely

Onely in this their disadvantage lyes;  
 That they may fall, but cannot hope to rise.  
 They, whom the bands that make a kingdome strong;  
 Succession to the Crowne both right and long  
 From worthy Ancestors, obedience  
 At home, and lastly sure intelligence  
 Abroad hath fortified, those that suppos'd  
 True joy to be wholly in them inclos'd :  
 If you but please to frowne, in one short day  
 (When they not thinke their Enemies on their way)  
 Are conquer'd by them, and at last retaine  
 This comfort onely to allay their paine  
 That their misfortune (if the heavens decree)  
 May be the portion of their Enemy.

Why then doe trifling miseries so grate  
 Our minds, and make us more unfortunate  
 Then heav'n intended ? if out of a summe  
 Of mony (not so rich as troublesome  
 By the large roome, it occupyes,) some one  
 Willing to teach us moderation,  
 Nibble a little, how we fret ! we rave !  
 How for our treasure we distraction have !  
 As if we did beleeve (to say no more)  
 Heav'n had the onely powre to make us poore.

*Israel* thought not thus, but does prepare  
 All things that for the action needfull are :  
 He thinks now double diligence is due,  
 That he may be victorious, and God true.

On the Eastside of *Gibeab* there stood  
 An overgrowne and unfrequented wood,  
 The trees so thickly plac'd, that you would guesse,  
 (Had you beheld that horrid wilderness :  
 How darkenesse all the Mastery had wonne,)  
 'Twas made for the discredit of the Sunne;

Never

Never did any raye pierce through those leaves,  
 And if at any time it light receives  
 'Tis onely when the heavens doe misse their stroke,  
 And passing wicked men, murder an Oke.  
 So that the brightnesse that adorne the same  
 Serves not so much to inlighten, as inflame,  
 Here never did the nimble Fairy tread,  
 Nor ever any of the Wood-nymphes bred  
 Within this grove, but it was singled out  
 For *Pluto's* regiment, for that bad rout  
 Of Hell-borne furies, there you might have scene  
*Alecto* stretch'd at her full length betweene  
 Two fatall Yughs, where while her rest she takes,  
 She gives an intermission to her Snakes,  
 Who in a thousand curles there hissing lye,  
 And she sleepest sweeter by their harmony.  
 Here had the Canaanite in former times  
 (Whilest that Religion did consist in crimes)  
 Offer'd his sonnes in sacrifice, as though  
 He meant to pay backe heav'n all he did owe  
 Or did conceive, (that which he should despaire)  
 To be without sinne, when without an heire.

This horrid place till now had emptie stood,  
 But now the Israelites conclude it good  
 To plant an ambush there; for thus they plot  
 That when the skirmish shall be growing hot,  
 They will draw backe, to make the *Benjamite*  
 Conceive that stratagem to be a flight,  
 And leave the towne for the pursuit; when straight  
 Vpon a signe giv'n, they that lie in waite  
 Shall ceize upon the City, and so force  
 Their Enemy, to such a desperate course,  
 That being pursu'd by those he put to flight,  
 He shall not know, whether to flie or fight,

Hearken



Hearken ye filly ones that doe suppose  
 You ought not to beare Armes against your foes :  
 VVho having cast off ordinary sense,  
 Affirme that they doe warre with Providence,  
 VVho providently warre, that they distrust  
 The powre, or care of heav'n, who will be just  
 To their owne cause, which you will noyse to be  
 A spice of wiser Infidelity.  
 To these I need no other answer find :  
 Shall we be foolish because heav'n is kind ?  
 And when your industry might doe as well,  
 VVill ye inforce God to a Miracle ?  
 It is a truth I grant, which you pretend  
 That God hath destin'd all things to their end,  
 Which stands immoveable : nor is't in Fate  
 To alter what he will pr  ordinate :  
 Yet never any did so farre proceed  
 Infolly, to affirme that he decreed  
 Onely the end, that was in Gods intents,  
 Whilest we did sleepe, to blesse us with events  
 We dreame not of : Such fondnes cannot find  
 Any excuse (unlesse they were design'd  
 Inevitably to't : ) for I would know  
 (If they suppose it possible to shew  
 Their mind in these affaires, or if they be  
 Not hindred from an answer by Decree)  
 Why they doe eate ; and why they doe nothence  
 Conclude rebellion against Providence ;  
 Why they doe cloath themselves ; and why desire  
 When cold oppresseth them to choose a fire ;  
 Have you forgot that for his holy ones,  
 God can at ease produce e'ne out of stones  
 As solid sustenance ? or is it lost  
 In your fraile memory, that when *Israe*l cross

The Desert out of *Egypt*, forty yeares  
Nor Taylors they imploy'd, nor Shoemakers;  
Trust me if you your selves thinke your selves true,  
Your care does vilify Gods care of you;  
And every dish that to your board is brought  
Vpbraides him to his face, as if you sought  
To mend his purpose; and by this odd feat,  
You doe blaspheme as often as you eate.

The Israelites are wiser farre, although  
They have that unknowne happinesse, to know  
Their victory aforehand, though they heare  
This truth from him, from whom they cannot feare  
Any deceit, (whose powerfull word alone  
Makes that a truth which he resolves upon,)  
Although they will allow his Act for chiefe,  
Yet they will doe their part too: to be brieft,  
Every soldier to himselfe sayes thus;  
God will bestow the victory, but by us.

The night they spend in prayer, but whē the morne  
Had dimm'd the pride of *Cynthia's* cleereſt horne  
By higher luster, being call'd away  
Not by the Cocke, the Trumpetter of Day;  
But by an earlier trumpet, then you might  
By her unwilling, and yet hastning light,  
Discerne, and seeing, almost rightly poyse  
Whether were more, their number or their noyse,  
And unto which more feare was to be giv'n.  
Whē fill the Earth with Numbers, with noyse Heav'n.

*Benjamin* takes th'alarme, and having chose  
One in whose faithfulness they might repose  
A wary confidence; they quit the wall  
And to the wider field issue out all,

Lest if they stay'd within, and did oppose  
 Rampiers and ditches onely to their foes,  
 They might have bragg'd, (as if that they had won)  
 Making a prison of their garrison.

Now both the Hoasts themselves so neere do find,  
 That it would aske more labour t' have declin'd  
 The field, then to have wonne it, yet they stay  
 Hoping that innocence is in delay,  
 If they are slowly guilty : now speares flye  
 Shiver'd in thousand fitters to the skye;  
 And whether it revenge or fortune were,  
 Every peece becomes a Murtherer,  
 And from their bodies frees a many soule,  
 Doing that broken, which they could not whole.

Could *Xerxes* here have sate upon an hill,  
 To see these warriors, he would not still  
 Fondly lament, nor lavish out a teare  
 Because they could not live an hundred yeare,  
 But melt into just passion away  
 Because they could not live out all that day.  
 Now might you have beheld the fiery horse  
 Proud of his owne, and of his Masters force.  
 Robb'd of his Master, whom you now might see  
 Running, as if twere after Liberty,  
 Or you'd conceive, had you but seene the race  
 That 'twas no more a battle, but a chase.  
 No stroke falls idle, nay they are so neere;  
 They need not strike at all : death is caus'd here  
 By their bad neighbourhood, the whole and sound  
 You might have seene here dead without a wound.  
 To save the guilt and labour of the sword,  
 Bodies to bodies their owne ends afford.  
 Now nothing but the dust is to be seene  
 Which like so many Emblems flies betweene

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They mingled armies, which in silence sayes,  
 They are no better then the moates they raise,  
 The those poore Atomes: but they think to throwde  
 Their acts from sight of heav'n under that cloud,  
 And therefore doe their utmost: yet as though  
 Those hands were sluggish, or this fury slow,  
 The trumpets chide them to a lustier gyle,  
 And the loud drums proclaim'd, you have not spilt  
 Blood enough yet: O what were they that found  
 Out first the use and malice of that sound?  
 Which makes us kill with greedinesse, and when  
 Tis the Corrupted Nature of most men  
 Hardly to yeeld unto the destitute,  
 These will not suffer us to heare their suite.  
 This drowns the groanes: but now both armies reele,  
 Now this gives backe some ground, now that doth  
 That it is prest too hardly. Thus the seas (feele  
 When over it the angry winds doe please  
 To exercise their fury, doe not know  
 What course to take, nor whither they should flow:  
 This wave breakes that, and then another blast  
 Makes that the conqueror, which was conquer'd last.

At length the Israelites give backe indeed,  
 And though in order, yet with such a speed,  
*Benjamin* calls it Flight, all's ours they cry,  
 If we can runne we have the victory:  
 With that, what ever men the towne affords,  
 Skilfull to use their fingers or their swords,  
 For spoyle or for pursuite, issue ourthence  
 With such a noyse, they give intelligence  
 That they have left it emtrie: O the vaine  
 Attempts of foolish man! O deserv'd paine!  
 Th'are made the spoile, that they intend to make,  
 So wisely can just heav'n as their vengeance take

On bad attempts, so all our heate asswage,  
 And make our Ruine greater then our Rage.  
 It never entred into their proud thought,  
 They should receive the damage which they sought  
 To give unto their brethren : who having left  
 Their woody covert, and the friendly cleft,  
 Which entertain'd them, by a quicke surprize,  
 Take the unguarded towne : O who can prize  
 Those losses to the full ? or who rehearse  
 Those misadventures in an equall verse ?  
 They spare no age, but (cruell) take away  
 From the old men, the solitary day  
 They could expect to live : now Infants dye,  
 Ev'n those, who yet within their mothers lye,  
 Finding a Night before they see the Morne,  
 Being buri'd thus, before that they were borne,  
 For whom their murtherers no crime could choose,  
 But that they were, and had a life to loose,  
 Nor does the weaker sex escape the rage  
 Of these intruders, and as every Age,  
 So every Person suffers, onely here  
 May be the difference, (if that any were)  
 Either they're killd out-right, or which is worse,  
 They thinke their life to be the greater curse.  
 Here mothers see their daughters whom they bred  
 As Votaries unto their Maidenhead,  
 Vn-virgin'd in their sight, where having lost  
 That peerelesse jewell, which they valewd most,  
 They doe receive to vindicate their name  
 A death from them, from whom they had their shame.

Avarice followes Lust, now they have leisure  
 To ransacke all those Mineralls of treasure  
 Long peace and thrift had hoarded up, at last  
 As children when their Appetite is past



Spoyle what they cannot eate, and badly kind  
Pamper their dogs with that they leave behind:  
So these, as surfeiting with such a store,  
(Which made them lose all teare of being poore)  
What is not ready spoyle, give to the fire,  
Whose conquering flames unto the heav'ns aspire,  
As boasting of their service : through the towne,  
Swifter then any thing that has renowne  
For speedinesse, they runne, one houre does spoile  
(Vnlucky houre) what was an Ages toyle,  
Now cracke the houses, now the Temples fry,  
Now the poore Citizens resolv'd to dye,  
Doubt of what death : and know not which to try,  
The fire, the downefalls, or the Enemy,  
Had this misfortune hapned in the Night  
(Though Nature had oppos'd) such a full light  
Had made a day, and so againe had wonne  
A Conquest of the towne, and of the Sunne.

Never did Sailor with such joy behold  
*Castor* and *Pollux* when his ship was roll'd  
Vpon the angry Ocean, (whose proud waves  
Made the most haughty mindes freeze into slaves  
With a base feare,) as *Israel* does view  
Those flames, which he does feare not to be true  
They are so great, and yet he hopes to see  
These flames to light him to a victory.  
Now all the face of things is chang'd anew,  
Now those which earst seem'd vanquish'd, do pursue:  
The *Israelites* confirming by their Fight,  
That they could cause as well as act a Flight.

*Benjamin* growes amaz'd, and does not know  
What he should doe, nor on what grounds to goe,  
Which probably seemes safe : if he should flye  
He runnes away unto the Enemy.

And shall he fight ! alas ! but he will find  
 It is impossible to fight behind,  
 Where he shall be assay'd : yet he shifts ground,  
 And figures out his battle in a round.  
 And since he hath no hope to scape away,  
 Hee'l nobly sell, not give away the day.  
 They never fought till now, all the whole day  
 Before, was onely somewhat fiercer Play,  
 Murder in jest, but now they are so fierce  
 As if they would inforce their swords to pierce  
 Beyond the body; this a while, at length  
 Despaire does yeeld the victory to strength;  
 And Fortune ( that the world henceforth might find  
 That they had injur'd her who call'd her blind )  
 Crownes the best side, and providently tryes  
 At once to prove their Conquest, and her Eyes.

The Parallell is easie; was't not thus,  
 When Heav'n was pleas'd to be as kind to us ?  
 We felt the prickles first, but then our Nose  
 Suckt in the sweeter vertue of the Rose.  
 We had successe, as it were chose, and pickt,  
 And, what we feard to suffer, did inflict.  
 When *Brett* and *Barrowes* (that I speake their due)  
 Reviv'd to *France*, *Talbot* and *Montague*.  
 (O too like *Montague*, that lost thy breath,  
 By the same fatall Engine of quicke death.)  
 When the choyce valour of each rancke, and fyle  
 Made up a double Sea within the Isle  
 Of blood and teares; O give us thankses, kind heav'n,  
 And adde a vertue to our Fortune giv'n.  
 But soft, I heare the wise man say, Commend  
 No man, nor action till you see the end.  
 Our night is not yet past, or if it be  
 Tis but the dawning, not the day we see,

And

And but a misty dawning, we must know  
 That yet we have not payd God what we owe  
 And that would worfe then any Madnesse be  
 To have a joy ere a security,  
 Vnder the rodd to laugh : yet we conclude  
 Patience does please no lesse then gratitude;  
 And he that can orecome a losse, nor be  
 Too much cast downe for want of victory,  
 Is in some part victorious, and can say  
 Tis blest to be a conquerour any way.  
 That we may all acknowledg his desert,  
 Who nobly gain'd a conquest of the heart  
 Of them, whose bodies he had conquer'd first,  
 To whom he then discover'd, what he durst,  
 And after what his Nature was, when he  
 In the sad field had spent his Cruelty,  
 For when they offer'd to redeeme their dead,  
 Summes which another would have vanquished,  
 He freely yeelds unto the sutors breath,  
 And gives the Grave, as easily as the Death,  
 Whilst they doe give— O how I blush to tell,  
 A poisond knife, a poison that will dwell  
 And eate into their fame till earth be gone,  
 Till poyson have no more to worke upon.  
 Teach us our right to him, but then to you  
 What shall we give ? and yet what not leave due ?  
 Then, O kind Heav'n, for this let me be pleader,  
 May we still sing your praise, who led our Leader,  
 And now I hast unto my songs conclusion;  
*Israels conquest, Benjamins confusion:*  
 Of all that valiant number which but now  
 Made treble numbers to their valor bow :  
 Onely sixe hundred scape away, so few,  
 They were scarce able to commit anew.

The Crime for which they suffer'd; had not Night  
 Became their Vmpire and forbad the Fight,  
 Those few had perisht too; then at the last  
 Let future Ages learne of Ages past  
 How vice rewards her servants ! Let them be  
 Afraid at leastwise of the misery,  
 Who slight the sinne: why should a beauteous face  
 Make my soule foule ? and an externall grace  
 Bereave me of my inward ? O despaire !  
 Shall I be bad, because another's faire ?  
 Hence that poore folly, rather let us winne  
 A conquest by the losse of *Beniamin*.  
 To know that those bely'd, and stolne delights  
 Are not of so long lasting as the Nights,  
 In which we did injoy them, how the Day  
 Takes both their darknesse, and our sweets away :  
 To understand that tardy heav'n is just,  
 That Ruine is the consequent of Lust.

And now O Father, once more I repaire  
 To thy great presence, O thou onely Faire;  
 (Who dwelling in the light that none comes neere,  
 Canst not be seene of us, because too cleer;  
 To whom created beauties if compar'd,  
 Ev'n such as have the wisest eyes ensnar'd,  
 Are nothing but Deformity at best,  
 Durt somewhat better colour'd then the rest)  
 Instruct my youth, O teach that I may know,  
 What mischiefes lurke under a seemely show;  
 What a sweet danger woman is : O thou  
 To whom the knees that doe not love, doe bow,  
 Whom all obey, ev'n such as have no sense,  
 Who doe not know their owne obedience,  
 Whom all obey, ev'n such as doe goe on  
 In a perpetuall Rebellion,

The

The Spirits accurst : Grant me, that chastly wife  
I enter into Covenant with mine eyes,  
Never to looke on Woman, not to see  
What would perswade my soule to forsake thee,  
To make a God of flesh : But if that I  
Forc'd by Temptation, or Necessity,  
Must see my Ruine, yet thus much, O thou  
Whō my soule loves, & would more, knew the how,  
(For his deare sake and worth, in whom was found  
Onely a place, no reason for a wound)  
If I must have the sight, yet I require  
I may at leastwise not have the desire,  
If I must see, let it be to despise  
So shall my heart be chaste, if not mine eyes.

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L  
**FINIS.**

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## A Thanksgiving for a recovery

*from a burning Fever.*

**I** Burne againe, methinkes an holy fire  
Kindles my dull devotion, and farre higher  
Raifeth my spirit, then my hot disease  
Inflam'd my blood : how with a sacred ease  
Feele I these flames through my glad soule to rush !  
Like those, which made a Chappell of the bush  
Whence God did tutor *Moses*; would 'twere found  
That this place too were such an holy ground :  
Then should I boldly vent my Gratitude,  
And being Godly, not be counted Rude,

The Night approacht, when by my paines I might  
Suspect it would have beene my lasting Night :  
I had a grieve beyond a Cowards feares,  
And such a grieve, it robb'd me of my teares.  
I was all Fire, the greedy Element  
Left no one part unsing'd, as if it meant  
To crosse the vulgar notions of our birth,  
And prove that man was not compos'd of Earth;  
That he was made of Flames, that past all doubt  
To dye was nothing, but to be put out.  
And yet the truth of this, this truth denyes,  
Man is not made of that by which he dyes.

And had I dy'd thus, they had beene unjust  
Who had pronounc'd, we give dust unto dust.  
Ashes they well might tearme me, and so turne  
My Christian buriall to a Pagan urne.  
Without a tedious pilgrimage to *Rome*,  
(If that the torment make the Martyrdome)  
I might be Canoniz'd, and sooner farre  
Then some whose names in t. gullid Calender  
Burne in red letters, of whom we can tell  
Whether they onely felt a Fire in Hell.

o

O heat ! O drought ! O am I quencht as yet,  
 Or is not this Remembrance a new fit !  
 Yet in my fiercest fit how oft I thought (fought  
 (Whilst yet there was some moisture left, which  
 With my hot Enemy) how durst liberall men  
 Give us a freedome of our wills, that when  
 Ever we list we may be good, and so  
 Owe to our selves as well the Cure as Blow ?  
 Who gave us this strange power, can any tell,  
 Not to be Bad, and yet not to be Well ?  
 Can we command our sinnes so easily,  
 And faint at a poble Feaver ? tell me why  
 You will consent to dye ? and wherefore still  
 You plead not then a liberty of will ?

My God cry'd I, though I must needs confesse  
 Vnto my shame, that all my paines are lesse  
 Then my demerits, yet I grant us free  
 That they exceed all possibility  
 Of mine owne cure, and yet I sooner can  
 (Spite of disease) turne my Physitian  
 Then my Redeemer, thou alone canst doe  
 A powerfull cure on soule and body too.

With that I felt recovery : my flame  
 Was kindly lessen'd to a lower name,  
 To moderate heat : Sleepe did my senses charme,  
 And I that burne before, was now but warme,  
 Health and Devotion ceize on me, my fire  
 Had left my bones to live in my Desire,  
 And I was sicke of thankfulnessse : then now  
 Teach me O Lord not why to praise, but how :  
 Bow my stiffe knees, that they may beg a pow'r ;  
 Of full thanksgiving to my Saviour.  
 Some praise for lesse : I've read of *Jonah's* rarre  
 (Which was of surer carriage then his Barke)

Thin-

Th' inhabitable Fish, and yet we see  
That he gives thanks for his Delivery  
From his Preserver, and shall retchlesse I  
Deliver'd from a neerer death, now dye  
In the Remembrance? first, O Lord returne  
My tutor-torment, let me againe burne.

And now great God, I doe intreat, and change  
My praise into a pray'r, (for tis not strange  
That benefits should make a suppliant,  
Since courtesies cause pray'r as well as want)  
Twas thy great mercy made my body whole,  
O let me find that mercy to my soule,  
Then shall I boldly hasten to the grave,  
And wanting Life, not want what I would have.

In illos qui Crastinum fœlicio rem putant,  
Hendecasyllabon.

**H**eu quam tempora ludimus diserti,  
Heu quam quærimus improbi d' erum  
Successus, quibus invenire tandem  
Possimus miseri repente mortem.

Injustus tamen imputare Fato  
(Fato quod melius meretur, aut nil)  
Audeat quisque suam subinde mortem.  
Aude quisque suam vel inde crimen.

Optamus celerem Leves ruinam,  
Et si licet cupimus quod execrandum est,  
Sic ut pectore pullulent in uno

(Heu fors prodigiosa!) Mens et Hostis  
Quis primas adeo probavit horas,  
Ut semper cupiat manere primas  
Ut non turbine raptus impotenti  
Laudaret magis ipse quæ sequantur:

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Ac si tempora sera qua sequuntur  
 Non morti magis obviam propinquent,  
 Ac si tempora sera qua sequuntur  
 Non sint tempora sera sed beata.

Hoc ex ubere profluit parentis,  
 Infanti tenero, nec invenire  
 Quenquam tam puerum, rudemve possis,  
 Qui si forte minus queat loquendo,  
 Non mutire tamen, vel hiscere ausit  
 (Quamvis hoc violare, non precari  
 Divos, auribus esset eruditus)  
 Annos ut videat, homoq; crescat.

Et jam Numina prorsus annuere,  
 Et jam barba virum satis probavit,  
 Num constant ibi vota, num morantur?  
 Num non alter adhuc rogatur annus?  
 Hic tandem rogo vota num satisfcunt?  
 Rotatus citius jacebit aer,  
 Et rivus sciet iniquies quietem,  
 Luctus, quem fero, sit, sit et voluptas  
 (Expertis onus est quin et voluptas)  
 Quicquid sit Modo, Crastinum petemus  
 Quin curas fugat ille pertinaces  
 Quin et spem quoq; longius fugatam  
 (Si mens certius autimet) reducit  
 Sic mens stultior annumat: quin illa  
 Qua non novimus anpe sint futura  
 Laudamus nimium, parumq; certi,  
 Incertissima perperam probamus,  
 Cum presentia te dio futura, et  
 Sint desiderio nimis futura,

Advenit modo Crastinus petitus,  
 Advenit quoq; Crastinus secundus,  
 Tot denum, quibus impar omnis esset  
 Annorum

Annorum fuga, computus dierum.  
 Quid tandem inveniunt? quid, oro, tandem  
 Non abunde leves, ut ante, quarunt?  
 Et quarunt modo, denique quarunt,  
 Donec jam leve sit vel invenire.  
 Usq; ad tempora verticis soluti  
 Rasi tempore num severa frantem  
 Non tantum ceperat ruga, sed omnem  
 Obnubit faciem, atq; luscus intus  
 Abdit sese oculus, ut inde possit  
 Visu cernere clariore mentem,  
 Cum nasi stupeas videns acumen,  
 Donec longa dies rogare fecit,  
 An hic quem videas homo vocetur.  
 Cum sulcis lacerata tota frons sit,  
 Donec tempora jam irruant suprema  
 Expectatio tunc suprema fati,  
 Et voti male compotes perimus.

*Upon our vaine flattery of our selves that the succeeding times will be better then the former.*

**H**ow we dally out our dayes !  
 How we seeke a thousand wayes  
 To find Death ' the which if none  
 We sought out, would shew us one.

Why then doe we injure Fate,  
 When we will impute the date  
 And expiring of our time,  
 To be hers, which is our Crime ?

Wish we not our End ? and worse,  
 Mak't a Pray'r which is a Curse ?  
 Does there not in each breast lye  
 Both our soule and Enemy ?

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Never was there Morning yet  
 (Sweet as is the Violet)  
 Which mans folly did not soone  
 Wish to be expir'd in Noone;  
 As though such an haft did tend  
 To our blisse, and not our End;

Nay the yong ones in the nest  
 Sucke this folly from the breast,  
 And no stamm'ring ape but can  
 Spoyle a prayer to be a Man.

But suppose that he is heard,  
 By the sprouting of his beard,  
 And he hath what he doth seek  
 The soft cloathing of the Cheeke :  
 Would he yet stay here? or be  
 Fixt in this Maturity?

Sooner shall the wandring starre  
 Learne what rest and quiet are :  
 Sooner shall the slippery Rill  
 Leave his motion and stand still.

Be it joy, or be it Sorrow,  
 We referre all to the Morrow,  
 That we thinke will ease our paine,  
 That we doe suppose againe  
 Will increase our Ioy, and so  
 Events, the which we cannot know  
 We magnifie, and are (in summe)  
 Enamor'd of the time to come.

Well, the next day comes, and then,  
 Another next, and so to ten,  
 To twenty we arrive, and find  
 No more before us then behind  
 Offsolid joy, and yet hast on  
 To our Consummation :

Till the baldnesse of the crowne,  
Till that all the face doe frowne,  
Till the Forehead often have  
The remembrance of a Grave;  
Till the eyes looke in, to find  
If that they can see the mind.  
Till the sharpnesse of the Nose,  
Till that we have liv'd, to pose  
Sharper eyes, who cannot know  
Whether we are men or noe:  
Till the tallow of the Cheeke,  
Till we know not what we seeke;  
And at last of life bereav'd,  
Dye unhappy, and deceiv'd.

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**FINIS.**

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## To the READER.

**R** Eader, my Profession is not versifying, but this is part of the King of Swedens power, that he can transforme a Divine into a Poet, and indeed he that cannot make a verse upon this Argument, is an Argument for verses to be made upon. But thou shalt have nothing of a Poem here besides the Ryme, it being this Kings singularity, that he who writeth his History, shall be thought to write a Poem, and he that would write a Poem of him, cannot but write an History. It is impossible, that invention should exceed his actions, or that a Penne should dare more then Sweden. So that now an excuse is needlesse, a Divine may write an History. And why not such a Poem? I am sure a Prince in Israel is fallen, and therefore it can be no shame for David himselfe to follow the Beer. Which I trust thou dost in a true sorrow for him, and an hartty prayer to the Almighty that he would raise up another to perfect, who thus farre hath advanc't this royall instrument in his cause. Thus thou art advised by

R. GOMERSALL.

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# AN ELEGY VPON <sup>91</sup>

the untimely, yet Heroicall  
death of *Gustavus Adolphus* the  
Victorious King of *Sweden*, &c.

**W**Re all our hopes but this? did we expect  
that thou our falling Fortunes shouldst erect,  
And must thou fall thy selfe? a little dust  
Remaine of him, who, we did surely trust,  
Should into dust have brought Romes prouder walls,  
And hastned the great whores just Funeralls?

Is this the noble Conquerour? this he,  
Who was the Favourite of victory?  
Who, whatsoever he attempted, wrought,  
Event still gladly lacking his wise thought,  
Who wrought no other thing, then what he should,  
His power being still confin'd to what was good:  
How could he choose then but be happyest,  
Who had his will, who will'd that which was best?

Alas how pale he looks! sure tis not He,  
This is the count'nance of the Enemy,  
When *Sweden* prest him, thus did *Tilly* looke,  
When in the field of *Leipsich*, that sad booke,  
He read his following miseries, which did reach,  
As farre as *Elbe* is distant from the *Leach*;  
Where he receiv'd his Death at his proud knee,  
Because before he would not bow to thee,

This was *Bavaria's* colour when he saw  
His Arts could not dilwade, nor forces draw  
Thee from thy high designs, this was his hew,  
When after all his projects, he not drew



A sword in his defence, and threw away  
His lands without the hazard of a day,  
As if hee'd see, how nobly thou wouldst use them,  
Or he had had his countryes, but to lose them.

Or thus look'd *Fridland*, when he saw the field  
Strew'd with his slaughter'd souldiers who doe yeeld  
Riches to those grounds, whence they took the spoile;  
And their dead bodies doe manure the soile,  
Which, living, they had wasted, in that howre,  
When *Sweden* foyle the Emperours Emperour.  
If these looke pale 'tis fit, a pretty art,  
That their owne cheekes, should represent the heart  
Of their dead forces, should want blood as well,  
And by their Faces, shew us how They fell.

Let's looke againe : Alas ! tis He, tis He,  
This was *Gustavus*, was ? ô misery,  
Was it, and ist not ? ô that face ! those eyes !  
Where *Spaine* and *Austria* read their destinies  
Are they the dainties for the worme ? that hand,  
Lift up to Prayer alway, or Command  
Must that lye still for Ever ? must it bee,  
So still, as it would make the Enemy ?

Was it for this thou lestst thy native soile,  
Thy Queene, thine Heire, was it for this ? to toile  
For others benefit, and after, have  
For all thy travells but a *German* grave ?  
Could not thy *Sweden* bury thee ? nor give  
Rest to thy bones, which whilst that thou didst live  
Bestow'd a Crowne upon thy head ? was't more  
To give a Grave, then a whole Realme before ?  
Yet this is thy reward, that thou doest lye,  
In the, by thee twice reskew'd *Saxony* :  
Yet what reward is this for thee ? they have  
From thee their Right, frô them thou but thy Grave.

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43

Farre be all blessing from that man, who first  
Found out that Fatall instrument, who durst  
Thunder on Earth, and teach mankind a way  
How they might send mankind unto their clay,  
Not knowing who 'twas sent them, by whose skill  
The Coward is instructed how to kill,  
And the brave man must at a distance dye  
By him, whom neerer, his owne livelyer eye  
Would look to Death: how could he have the braine,  
To teach the world, by what a world is flaine,  
Or since he knew the mischief of his Art,  
If he could have the Braine, yet how the Heart?  
Is this the Cloysterd study? cannot they  
Deny the world; unlesse the world they slay?  
Is this (I'de know) their owne selves to deny,  
To cause, besides themselves all else should dye?  
Are they coop'd up for this? but I admire  
In vaine, how from the Devill, and the Frier  
Commeth ought, that is not, Helhish, how those two  
Should thinke, what 'twas not a lowd crime to doe?  
Wert not for them 'twould be no wondred thing  
To see at once one Aged, and a King,  
Since we doe learne in Sage experience Schoole  
Crownes would be sacred wert not for the Cowle.  
Nor are we longer ign'rant now, who gave  
Birth to our sorrow, to our joy a grave,  
What ever nist to blind our eyes they lspread,  
The Hand we doe not know, we doe the Head,  
Which that we may curse home, to pay his due,  
Let us their triumph and our losse review.

Many have beene victorious, ev'ry Age  
Hath once produc'd some Worthies on the Stage,  
Sacred to glory: Rome doth *Cesar* praise,  
*Carthage* her *Hannibal* to Heav'n doth raise

Thy

Thy *Bruce* o' *Scotland* is farre fam'd by thee,  
 Their *Henry*, *France* doth boast, our *Edward* we,  
 All these were Conqu'rouers, but upon what right  
 May we inquire, did some of them first fight?  
 Some were but Royall robbers, and the best  
 Made man so cheape for their owne Interest,  
 Revenge, or Profit drove them unto Fame,  
 And thus they injur'd, whilst they gain'd their name:  
 Whilst all Thy power is spent in doing good,  
 And thou gain'st nothing but the losse of blood,  
 Whilst all thy power is spent the wrong'd to right,  
 And thus thy acts are Iudgement, and not Fight,  
 Thus whilst their actions in this currant ran  
 To make th' Oppressour greater the Man,  
 Had there beene none oppress'd, thou hadst lien still  
 That thou might Save, thou wert inforc't to Kill:  
 Whilst all thy power is spent in Gods owne Cause,  
 To plant, or to establish his pure Lawes  
 To make Professours fearelesse, that it might  
 No longer be a crime to be i'th' Right,  
 Nor a sufficient cause to make one Dye  
 That he would seeke a true *Aeternity*.  
 These are thy Acts—to make the Enemy yeeld,  
 By force to make him quit the blood-died field;  
 To take in townes with as much ease, as though  
 Their walls were like to those of *Jericho*,  
 Would fall to give thee entrance; to o're come  
 Whole countreyes with more speedinesse then some  
 Could view them, all these are thy acts tis knowne,  
 But these, with others, thine; those, thine alone.

I challenge thee proud *Greece* and prouder *Rome*,  
 From their first birth unto their latest tombe,  
 Peruse your *Heroes*, read their actions o're  
 Make what was somewhat, by your Fabling more.

Add

96  
Add lye and all to boot, then if you dare  
Bring them : if with *Gustavus* you compare,  
They shall as much that competition shunne,  
As a weake Taper yeelds to the bright Sunne,  
Which of them ever fought for others gaines,  
That theirs might be the Profit his the Paines.

I could be infinite thee to commend,  
But thou thy selfe doest not despise an end  
I therefore hasten : having done thus much  
Thou now wouldst see whether another such  
Would after thy departure rise, or why  
May I not say, that thou wouldst therefore dye  
That man should grudge no longer at his Death  
Nor strive to keep who heav'n would take his breath?  
Must we all Dye? proud death then doe thy worst,  
What ere thou canst, *Sweden* hath suffered first  
And he being dead who now would live? mine eyes  
Begin to flow a fresh; new fountaines rise,  
Which threaten inundations, but I stay  
When I consider, thou hast found one way,  
Not to doe all for others : Princely shade!  
This is thy Art of warre at length t' invade  
Heav'n for Thy selfe, there all the gaines are Thine,  
Thou wert not Kill'd for the Prince Palatine :  
When I thinke this then doe I spare mine eye :  
For others thou dost Fight, for thy selfe Dye.

### The Epitaph in Latin.

*S*vecia me genuit, Borealis gloria plaga,  
Lipsia bis palmam dat mihi, fata semel.  
Exegi oppressos, incurvaviq; prementes,  
Sceptra alyis, mortem comparo at ipse mihi.

*Nescio*

*Nescio que balista meum jaculata Sepulchrum est.*

*Sic cecidi, incerto vulnere fixus humo :*

*Occubui, per quem non certo novimus, Author*

*Non licuit aliquam dicere cadis Ego.*

*Lachrymulam funde unam lector, funde vel unam.*

*Qui vivus plures fundere te vetui.*

*In English thus.*

**M**E Sweden bred, there I receiv'd my breath,  
*Leipsicht* twice gave me honour, once my Death,  
 I free'd th' oppress'd, brought down th' oppressors pride,  
 Won crowns, that other men might weare the, dy'ed.  
 A bullet, out of what piece none can tell,  
 Brought me that dismall message, thus I fell,  
 Death at adventure my last blood hath spill'd,  
 No man must boast that he hath Sweden kill'd.  
 Reader shed one teare for my death; but one,  
 Whose life took order, that thou shouldst shed none.

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**FINIS.**



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